

Amusement
News

LIFE

Personalities
Sport

15 Cents

M. L.



October 26 1928

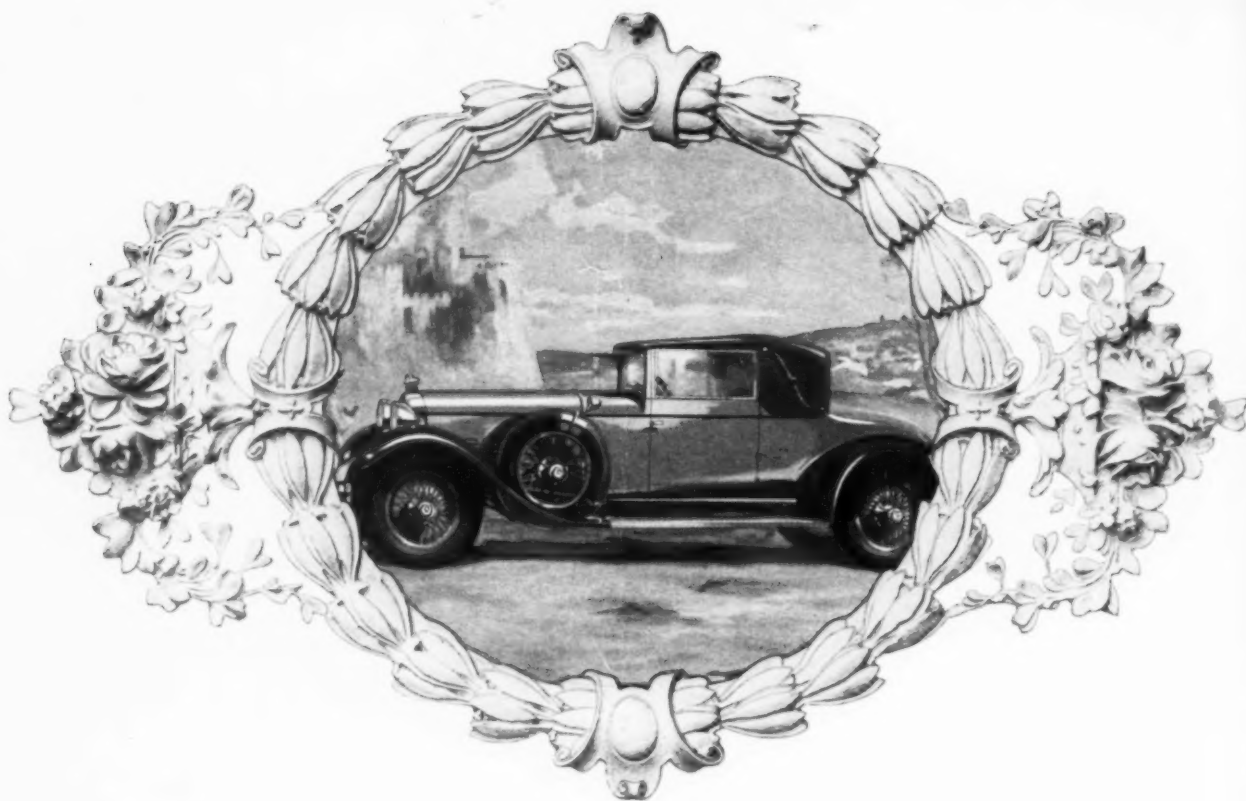
Charity
Bazar



FORTUNE
TELLER



Give This Little Girl a Hand



MODERNISM! THIS NEWEST CAR MEETS
THE CONDITIONS OF TODAY—RATHER
THAN THOSE OF TEN YEARS AGO

Even the byways are crowded now. Twenty-five million cars travel American highways.

Conditions have changed.

But the old principles of motor car construction are still largely adhered to by the ponderous organizations of giant outputs, too unwieldy to keep pace with the real advancements of modern engineering.

The low swung weight of the new Stutz series means supreme safety—and very much more.

By getting the mass of weight near the ground, yet with standard road clearance, we have made possible a car of skimming, secure speed, with low sweeping lines, and supreme comfort that comes from the minimizing of all side-play, dip and chuck.

Low-weight means safety—beauty—comfort—speed—to meet modern conditions.

Particularly you will want to see how these factors have been applied to our newest and improved models—now on display at all Stutz salesrooms.

THE
LOW-WEIGHTED
STUTZ



LOW-WEIGHT MEANS SAFETY-BEAUTY-COMFORT-SPEED

A Coach's Prayer

Ah, mercy upon me! Oh, horrors! Oh, woe!

Two-thirds of my gridders have just gone on pro.

For French thirty-seven
And English eleven
Contain several facts that they don't seem to know.

Though two of my halfbacks can punt sixty yards

They're wholly at sea on the Cavalier bards.

My tackles are whacking,
But utterly lacking
In knowledge of Robespierre's various pards.

Oh, bitter misfortune! Alack and alas!
I've three heavy guards at the foot of their class!

O powers above me,
Pretend that you love me,
And give me some men who can kick, run, and pass!

Parke Cummings.

What——

If People Wore Boutonnieres of the Flowers of the Truth-telling Plant?

"By Jove, sir, I don't see how you go right to the heart of a problem the way you do! The way you sweep aside all the non-essentials is—sniff-sniff—one of the funniest things I ever saw; you certainly are the world's premier stuffed shirt, you old fake!"

"Darling, you want to thank your stars that you don't have to work late in an office! It's a dog's life; I'm all in, and I'm—sniff-sniff—scared to death for fear some of that perfume came off on my coat!"

"You know, Doris, I think friendships between men and women are mighty fine things, just being regular pals and all that, and—sniff-sniff—if you're not-that-kind-of-a-girl for God's sake say so and don't make me waste the whole evening!"

"Why don't you look where you're going, you big bum; think you own the sidewalk? For two cents I'd hand you one—sniff-sniff—and if you start anything I'm going to yell bloody murder for that cop over there on the corner!"

"I never saw anything so brazen in all my life, Mrs. Spittalfield! If I'd acted the way she did with that man, I'd never hold up my head again—sniff-sniff—I wish some masterful brute would carry me off or something; I never have any fun!"

"Brethren, I warn you solemnly that a vote for Smith is a vote for debauchery and intrigue—sniff-sniff—and I do hope to gosh this gets me into the papers the way it did Brother Straton!"

H. F.



Play THIS WINTER

Refresh your body and mind under Southern California's healing semi-tropic sunshine!



From near-by Pales Verdes hills stretches an endless panorama of ocean, mountains and cities

EVERY good reason your physician, business associates and friends can find to draft you for a Southern California vacation this winter will be answered one hundred per cent by better health and a fresher mind when you return home next spring! Persuade yourself to come to this land where winter is only a name—where flowers bloom gorgeously, birds sing and oranges ripen beneath snow-capped peaks.

All will prove new out here in picturesque loveliness—palms everywhere, radiant gardens, poinsettias, red-berried pepper trees. Wide boulevards lead along the placid blue Pacific to the Old Spanish Missions and every other interest spot. Sixty-five ever-green golf courses are within easy distance. A few hours south and you'll be at San Diego; then, it's but a brief motor trip to Tia Juana! Southern California, because of its mild climate, is flying headquarters!

And, the winter desert! Here may prove your greatest thrill. Drive through Owens Valley in summer-like sunshine and see a blizzard batter itself against bleak Mt. Whitney (14,501 ft.), king among the astounding Sierra peaks! Over a safe road lies Death Valley with its oases of rare comfort. Palm Springs, a spot of joy in the midst of a mysterious desert waste, is an easy and fascinating motor trip.

Metropolis of the Pacific Coast, Los Angeles, offers all the thrills of a great modern city—the

finest hotels, theaters, cafes. Los Angeles County is among the richest in natural resources, with agricultural products approximating \$95,000,000 and oil fields valued at a billion dollars! Out here this winter you'll have the greatest vacation of your life!

As you finish reading this invitation, mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," a new and authentic photographic book that pictures the Southern California you will see winter and summer. It should be in every home library. Here's the coupon. Mail it now!

Southern California



A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 20-Z,
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

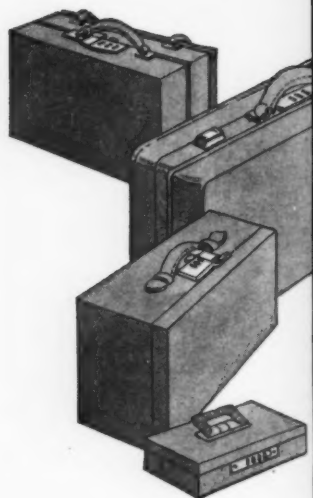
Please send me your free booklet "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



You would expect this—

When something new and better is invented to make A & F luggage more convenient, more suitable for its purpose, you would expect us to be the first to use it. For a long time we have been supplying Sesamee-equipped articles to the fast-growing numbers who need keyless locks.

We have almost any article of luggage you desire for week-end trips or years'-long travel. You may have them with either Sesamee or keyed locks.

The leathers in A & F luggage are from the genuine skins of tropical reptiles, from arctic sea-fish and animals, from African birds and from domestic creatures. Almost every piece of luggage is specially designed—some cannot be found elsewhere. Come and see our luggage and accessories.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

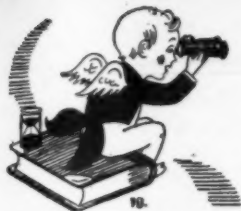
THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD
MADISON AVENUE **A&F** & 45 STREET, N.Y.C.



SESAMEE

The keyless lock

Opens only at a secret unforgettable number of your own. The certain universal lock of the future and the most convenient of today. We can supply you with Sesamee-locked trunks, suitcases, portfolios, bags, security boxes and other articles.



LIFE



OUR CANDIDATE WON'T MEET THE VOTERS

*"I Am Betraying No National Secret When I Say Both Hoover and Smith
Are Liable to Get More Votes If You Can't See 'Em."*

by

WILL ROGERS

WELL only two more weeks of what is humorously called "Oratory."

To give you an idea of one of the biggest "Bunks" in the whole modern campaign, it is these other two Candidates running from one part of the Country to another to make a speech over the radio, that is going to be broadcasted all over the country.

For instance, Why does Al go to Omaha, or Denver, or Hoover to some Wildcat Junction in Tennessee to speak?

If you are listening to the speech in Chicago or Dallas, what do you care where it was made? You can't possibly appear personally before more than a few thousand. All the rest, or 99 percent of your audience have to listen in, so why don't they stay at home and make their speeches? But No—by them going to this or that section of the country, they think that they are paying a big compliment to that particular section.

Hoover had a southern Campaign Manager and he has some mills in a town down south so Hoover goes there to make a speech, He could have gone right into

a broadcasting studio in Washington and made it. Or Smith could give the farmers as much relief before a microphone in Albany, as he could at Minneapolis.

But it's the old traditional "Apple-sauce." You must go to the south and show them you are sympathetic to their cause, then to the west, and so on far into the night.

You can make just as many Horse-radish promises from the National broadcasting office booth as you can in Oklahoma City or Boston (Mass.).

I don't think I am betraying any national secret when I say that both of these Boys are liable to get more votes if you can't see 'em. Smith has got a lot of good showmanship, but he could never make it work in all these years in his own State, on anybody that wasent born in a subway and raised on a strap.

And Hoover could always make a Blue Print more convincing than he could a personal speech. One has personality which may flare back and hit him in the face November 6th and the other has lack of the same thing, And after people listen

to Hoover, they're liable to think, "how can he do all these things when he can't even say 'em?"

I believe if they had both stayed behind the microphone, out of sight to any audience, and shot at 'em at long range, they would have been better off. This thing of meeting your Hero and getting acquainted with him is awful liable to make you start hunting another Hero.

If I was these Boys I would kinder fight shy of a public Clinic. They have both done things which are on the records, and I believe I would let folks look over the record instead of the Patient.

I am going on the theory that it's better to read about a Brown Derby than it is to see one, And when we know that a man has put the Nose Bag on Belgium, and made us eat bran mash like a cow instead of bread, why we are going to look for a mighty commanding and magnetic personality,

And I believe that the Boys would have both been better off if they had pulled a Coolidge and got down in their shell and not come out till the votes were counted,



Our Candidate Prefers Personal Privacy



"Protection an' th' same sort of enforcement we got, eh, Moe? Boy, I couldn't 've wrote it better myself!"

for the less a voter knows about you the longer he is liable to vote for you.

I think you will find that Campaigns have ruined more men than they ever made.

Anti-Bunk Bulletin

THE WEEK after next it will be all over, including the shouting (for which let us arise, brethren, and give thanks).

This has been a terrible campaign—probably the worst in history. If Will Rogers hadn't been around to turn the voters' boredom and irritation into laughter, there is no telling what would have happened to the public morale. While Hoover and Smith were promising farm relief, flood relief, dry relief and other things—Rogers was actually providing comic relief. Let this be said to Will's eternal credit: he neutralized the effect of Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

Well, we don't know what the verdict will be a week from next Tuesday. We don't claim the election for our candidate, the way the others are doing. The *Literary Digest* poll shows that Rogers is running quite a way behind Hoover and Smith, and Mr. Benchley's personally conducted straw vote hasn't produced much in the way of encouraging figures as yet. But no one, not even Dr. Work or Mr. Raskob, knows which way the GREAT SILENT VOTE is going to go, and we can claim this just as reasonably as the Republicans or Democrats can.

Watch out for the GREAT SILENT VOTE. It includes all those who vote without bragging about it.

Are you one of these?

If so, you belong in the Anti-Bunk Party, and you will want a Rogers Campaign Button (not to wear, but to look at secretly). Send in your name to Rogers

Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE FIFTH and last Rogers Radio Rally will be held next Wednesday night. You will find a complete announcement of the time, stations, etc., on page 36.

Significant Results in Second Week of Our Own Straw Vote

As explained in last week's issue (Vol. 92, No. 2398, *People vs. Luther Ferk*), we are working on a straw vote covering the entire nation, or at least some of it. This

is done by a person-to-person canvass and vice versa, a system which results in the canvasser's meeting a lot of interesting people and making enemies of them. The author of this article (Robert Benchley) goes up to voters on the street or in bed or wherever they happen to be and asks them certain questions, all beginning with "W." Most of this was explained in last week's issue and if you didn't read it you missed a very funny piece and it serves you right.

Following are the tabulations to date, with inferences to be drawn. Everyone must draw his own inference (on one side of the paper only) and any cheating will simply be laughed at.

RESULT OF STRAW VOTE TO DATE
(States shown covered with fur are normally Republican)

Interview No. 5. 41 years old. White male. Is against Hoover because he is a Negro.

Interview No. 6. 22 years old. White male. Mumbled so it was impossible to tell what he thought.

Interview No. 7. 45 years old. White female. Was at Lichy Lake all summer and didn't like it as well as last summer, owing to the McDostys' being there. The food was better than last summer but the crowd not so nice as a whole. Heard a good story the other day about a little boy who was asked by his teacher what a kangaroo was.

Interview No. 8. This included several people, all of whom got mixed up as the interview proceeded. One person would start to talk and then it seemed as if it were an entirely different person talking. This went on for some time.

Interview No. 14. (There were no interviews numbered 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.) Is for Hoover because Hoover has been President for eight years and knows the ropes. To put a new man in would be folly. Besides, Smith is so mixed up with

the Mohammedans that we would all have to be facing east every morning if he got in and this particular voter likes to face west.

RESULT OF STRAW VOTE TO DATE

Hoover	41	Hoover	41
Smith	41	Smith	41
Rogers	41	Rogers	41

(The above tabulation is all wrong.)

In certain sections of the country it was found that there was a great deal of Rutherford B. Hayes sentiment, but purely sentiment, as Rutherford B. Hayes is not alive any more. (We shall probably get an indignant letter from Rutherford B. Hayes tomorrow, saying, "Like Mark Twain, the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.") It is hard to keep sentiment out of a political canvass, as people have their heroes and heroines (many still hold to *Rowena* in "Ivanhoe" as their favorite heroine, but it has always seemed to us that *Rowena* was a little colorless. Give us somebody like *Becky Sharp*. Give us somebody like *Becky Sharp*, plenty of Charles Heidsieck 1919 and a cozy nook and watch the color come back into these cheeks!)

Next week we shall try to tell you about a big trend that we discovered—or rather, the trend that we *hope* to have discovered by then. We are on the trail of this trend now and hope to catch up with it any day if we hurry. When last seen, the trend had stopped over in Elk-



"She's a virtuoso, they tell me."
"Don't let them kid you—I've been out with that baby."

hart, Ill., to set its watch back an hour to Central Standard Time. Or would it be setting its watch *ahead*? We shall soon find out.

Before I Forget It

ALL Iowa license plates bear the line, "Iowa Potatoes." Fancy wearing that on your Rolls-Royce.

Hollywood—out where the Sex begins.

Sunshine Biscuits are now published in a box with a wax wrapper, and the Sunshine Company asks you to try holding it under a faucet for five minutes. I have something else to do for five minutes.

I can sleep better on a sleeper since I learned not to try to run the railroad.

Simile: "As kittenish as the members of a male quartette."

Visit, that ye be not visited.

Matrimony is another institution that makes strange bedfellows.

Don Herold.

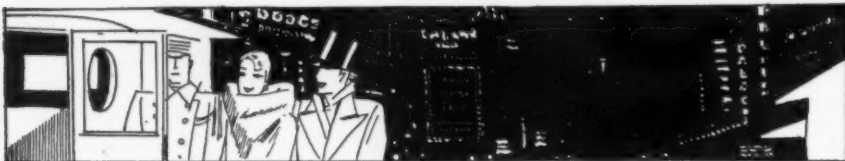
MODEST BEGINNING

EUNICE: Marjorie's wedding was quite a nice affair, wasn't it?

MARION: Yes, it was all right for a starter.



"Hey! Give us a hand, willya? Me watch fell under it."



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

by
Walter
Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Well, I suppose you've heard of the newest aggravation Broadway has suffered lately. The old Stem has the miseries again because a few of its phony baloney sons and daughters are trying to give the Canyon a bad name by producing smoking-car and poolroom stories on the stage. But our Mayor, who has been getting up early, lately, lost little time in sending the gendarmes up to close one of them and by the time you get this he probably will have found a way to send some other off-color shows to the hoosegow where they belong.

Mae West, who accused a reporter of having "a filthy mind" because he drew

some drawable conclusions from her alleged play, "Pleasure Man," was taken to the lockup with her entire cast of sixty hams for supplying a piece that was uglier than a sewerage. This phrail, who drew ten days on Blackwell's Island last year for violating the law with a turkey called "Sex," has been getting away with a so-called hit tagged "Diamond Lil." Every woman to her own taste, say me, but if it will make her any happier when she finds it out, the expression, "Gone West," no longer means to die; it now means "to get filthy, nasty, or vulgar." Incidentally, F. P. A. pulled a pip when he said: "Out where the something's a little something, that's where Mae West begins!"

Among other new things in New York is the change of policy on the Keith Circuit. The vaudeville bills now start on Sundays instead of Mondays, which is old stuff out there where you men are alleged men. I guess a lot of New Yorkers wel-

come the shift, however, as they'll have some place to go to on the Sabbath instead of church. Speaking of church, Willard, many of us stay-up-lates jammed into St. Malachy's the other day to say goodbye to one of the Stem's favorite sons. Jack Conway, who fathered most of the contagious Broadway vernacular (which first appeared in *Variety*, the theatrical rag he served for fifteen years), and whom I raved about to you recently, died from a "bum ticker," as he called his heart. His funeral shattered the credo that Broadway hasn't a heart and the demonstration of grief was so great that it drew



an editorial in the *Times*. Not since Frank Bacon of "Lightnin'" died several years ago have there been so many genuine tears shed on Broadway, but Jack Conway rated 'em, Willard—

he was a grand guy.

But he left behind enough things by which to remember him, including the slanguage, "That's a wow!"... "He's high hat!"... and "Varicose boulevards" (for a girl's legs). Oh, he coined a mess of other famous cracks and one of his similes concerned the Dempsey-Firpo championship bout. Conway predicted that "Dempsey would knock him stiffer than a dress shirt" and he did! The old street will miss Jack, believe you Walter.

Peggy Joyce, you might crave to know, is getting more beautiful and thinner all over. Which reminds me of Texas Guinan's comment when Tex was asked: "Now that your night club is closed up, how are you going to make a living?"

"Oh, I'm not worrying," Texas retorted; "I can always be a Peggy Joyce bridesmaid."

The night club sitch-ee-ay-shun is oke, again, with Jean Adams enticing spenders to the Beaux Arts on 40th Street; and Arthur Brown's warbling of torch chunes at the Château-Madrid on 54th is one of the high spots at that fascinating place. The chow-mein joints are doing the handsomest trade, however, and you've got to pay for your lichee nuts. These potential laundrymen certainly have wised up to the white man's racket and a tip less than two-bits rates you One of Those Looks.

CANINE FLATFOOT

KIBBEY: Great Scott! What big feet your puppy has!

RIBBEY: Yeah—he'll be a police dog when he grows up.



DESK SERGEANT: Two men and a girl held you up, eh? Kin you describe 'em?
"Well, the girl had a run in her stocking just above the right knee."



THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 2—This morning I did resolve at last to have my new tea gown altered, even at the sacrifice of its smartness, forasmuch as it does clasp me so tightly about the shoulders as to suggest that I am being backed into the Iron Maiden, and that is not a proper feeling for a woman who is lately subject to such frequent nervous fits that she has become almost the sole support of two trained nurses. So to the papers, where much was printed of politics, but it did interest me no whit, I agreeing with the late Donn Byrne in "Destiny Bay" that politics has never made better apples or larger salmon, and I do know well, as I have often set down, that, no matter who is elected, or how much talk there has been about the tariff, I shall pay as much as ever for silken stockings and Russian caviar. All the day gone in being rubbed by my nurse and in assembling some of the pieces into which I am shot, and in the evening with Sam and Miss Jack to the great exhibition of women's arts and

industries at the Hotel Astor, and we did see there Cora Scovill perched on a golden step-ladder, making one of her patch posters and saying the speech to which I have listened seemingly two hundred thousand times for my opinion as to its suitability and appeal, and I could not but think, should she suddenly drop dead, how surprised the officers of the company employing her would be to see an innocent bystander leap to the platform and finish out her remarks to the letter. Saw many other wonderful things, liking best those booths which displayed food, beverages and beautifiers, in especial when they did give samples, and my companions were at some pains to drag me away from the astrologists and character readers, but finally my feet did begin to pain me so acutely that I became tractable, and as we passed out by the exhibit of the society which is fighting the opium habit, a woman did press a pamphlet on Sam, but he did refuse it politely, saying that drugs were not his weakness.

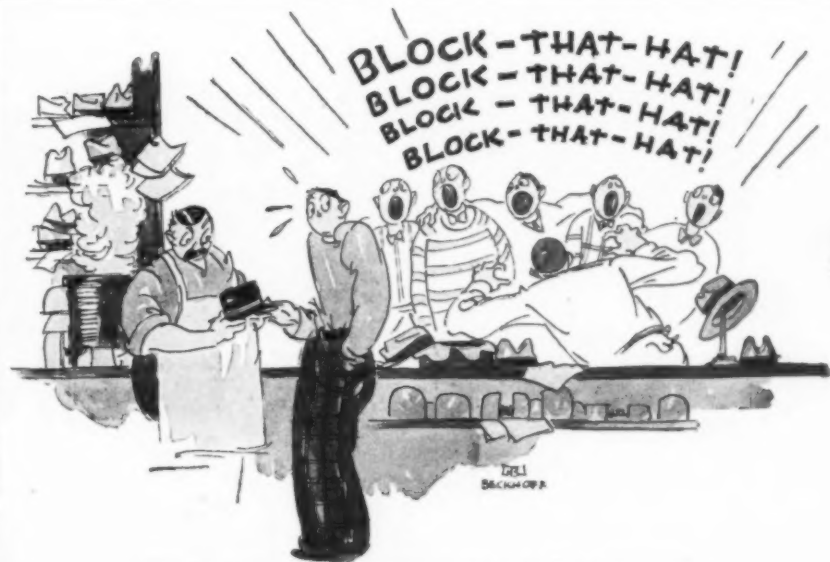
OCTOBER 3—A fine massage, and then to reading the magazines, and in the *American Mercury* I did come upon the statement that man has more compassion for a dog run down in the street than for a fellow being similarly afflicted, and it minded me of the time when Marge Boothby, walking along with a bottle of milk in a paper bag for some ungodly reason, did slip on the ice into an impromptu milk bath, and passers-by, instead of helping her up, did carefully skirt her, as though she were some old woman in the gutter who was the proper charge

of a constable. Greatly depressed because I could not go to see the polo, a game I had liefer watch than any other, I did decide to order myself as handsome a luncheon as I should be allowed to eat, so we did have creamed oysters with spinach, candied sweet potatoes, a fine salad of romaine and alligator pears, and frozen custard made by Katie herself in my special honor. The doorbell a-ringing all the day, and almost every time it was some new publication, and I cannot but wonder how much more forcefully Koheleth would put his statement about there being no end to the making of many books were he alive today and came upon our shelves for transient literature. For dinner to Elizabeth Thomas's, where there was much brilliant and stimulating talk, and then to the playhouse to see "The High Road," a pleasing variation on an old theme, with Frederick Kerr and Alfred Drayton deliciously droll, and I did like the line about the fiend for fresh air who let his head get full of the same commodity, albeit that young man's part was overwritten, as was also the rôle played by Miss Hilda Spong.

QUAINT BURGLARIES

Latest Novelties in Larceny, Culled from Recent Newspaper Accounts

ITEM STOLEN	LOCALE
Flight of stairs	London, Eng.
¼ mi. trolley wire	Columbus, Kan.
24 white rats	Pittsburgh
Bath tub	Youngstown, O.
	W. E. Farbstein.



THE FRESHMAN'S HAT COMES IN FOR A LITTLE ATTENTION



"'All right,' I says to him, 'if you don't want to act like a gentleman,' I says, 'that's *your* lookout, an' to hell wid you!'"

Autobiography

At 12—I stood on the brightest, gayest street corner in town. Lights twinkled, store windows glittered, happy sounds made glad the night air, and the prettiest girls passed in review. That was Main and Center, Piqua, Ohio.

At 22—I stood on the brightest, merriest street corner on earth. Lights

winked, shop windows shone, the night was alive with blithe noises, and the loveliest women shimmered by. That was Broadway and 50th Street, New York.

At 82—I stood on the happiest, most blithesome street corner in the cosmos. Bright lights shone, windows gleamed, the night was buoyant with merriment, and the most glamorous of girls glittered past. That was Hell. *Leonard Hall.*

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

MR. TUNNEY is quite right in praising the cynical wisdom of the speech of Ulysses in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida."

—William Lyon Phelps.

There is no prejudice in my heart, God knows.

—Rev. John Roach Straton.

I predict that Canada will return to prohibition.

—William H. Varney.

If you can imagine wheels, and if you can imagine but, and if you can imagine nothing, then you certainly ought to be able to stand on your head and imagine nothing but wheels; and if you can do that, you can get some idea of what model Wheel Mines are like. In my opinion, they are like a novel by Mr. Dos Passos, only different.

—E. E. Cummings.

It is remarkable how much anyone can accomplish by the habit of steady reading.

—John Erskine.

Al Smith is Mussolini's candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

—Rev. Dr. Bob Jones of Alabama.

God is still greater than Tammany.

—Rev. Dr. Bob Schuler.

It is a matter of great rejoicing that the old antagonism between Catholics and Protestants should so largely have disappeared.

—William Lyon Phelps.



THE RADIO



Our Maude

by
Agnes
Smith

THIS is a story of how culture came to the kitchen and it shows how any housewife, with the help of the radio, may turn her home into a tea room.

These little researches into domestic science and beauty culture were not conducted by me personally. There is some terrible antagonism in my nature against my own sex that makes it impossible for me to listen to a woman's voice over the radio. I trace this hate back to the early days when I had a calisthenics instructor who began the day by saying, "Breathe deeply. Breathe in life and joy and love." Things like that are what make a girl boy-crazy.

So I never turn on the radio before six o'clock in the evening because I am afraid that, by accident, I will catch the voice of some sister laying down the law. But Maude will run the radio all day; in fact she does, which keeps her from leaving our employ and going to work at a place more convenient to the movies. She has a system for listening to the radio that I recommend. She puts a record on the phonograph, then she turns on the radio and then she switches on the vacuum cleaner. And tourists who happen to be passing my house stop suddenly with a terrible grinding of brakes because the

noise from within sounds like a combination dance and revival being held in a saw mill.

The radio has done great things for Maude. For one thing, it has made her Vitamine-Conscious. Before the household hints came into her life, Maude was satisfied to get dinners that tasted good. But one morning someone in the scientific diet racket got hold of her and that night we had liver smothered with spinach for dinner.

"Where did you get this?" I asked, thinking she had been delving into "Famous Poisoners of the Middle Ages."

"I got it off the radio," she answered. "From the station low down on the knob."

The next night we had a salad that looked like a set floral piece and tasted like carrots covered with library paste, which it probably was.

It was a big day when the radio told Maude what could be done for a kitchen with a can of yellow paint. In one morning, she turned a kitchen that lacked color and personality into a perfect imitation of "Ye Laughing Catte Tea Shoppe." Now she complains that our dish towels lack color harmony, that white shelf paper gives the pantry a cold, unfriendly look, and that the kitchen should be completely turned around to get a maximum of sunlight.

No, Maude isn't the same girl that came to us. The olive oil no longer goes into the salad; it is used as food for tired and sagging face muscles. She must have a sun-bath to ward off rickets and she won't use the perfume I gave her for her birthday because it is too Oriental for blue eyes. She goes in for exercises as she washes the dishes, to acquire shapely



SHE: I hope our seat is near the announcer, because Mother's listening in to hear me cheer over the radio.

ankles. And she has discovered that black uniforms are depressing.

Moreover, she has taken to using the typewriter because she wants to win a prize for the Best Recipe of the Week offered to the cook who can think up the craziest way of combining turnips, prunes and raisins in a dessert that won't cost over fifty-three cents. And if she gets the prize and her name is announced over the radio, there will be just another little help wanted ad in the Sunday papers.

OPPORTUNISM

DENTIST (administering gas to a comedian): Laugh, clown, laugh!



THE CANDIDATE



THE POLITICAL FRONT

Smith's Intuition

By
**Henry
Suydam**

THE CRITICS of Alfred E. Smith seem to me to dismiss him with a rather stupid simplification of his qualities. While it is admitted that he has made a great Governor of New York, he is often described as a mere Tammany politician with a limited experience not suited to the higher demands of the Presidency. The truth is that Mr. Smith is something more than a shrewd politician, just as Mr. Hoover is something less than a genius.

I have studied Mr. Smith carefully during the past two months. One's first reaction is a combination of delight and disappointment. He lifts one up and lets one down. He is disillusioning at one moment and disarming at another. In the balance of his mind and character, the

secret ingredient that weighs down the scale in his favor is, I think, his instinct. He has an intuition for the sound and wise decision, based upon a profound belief in the ultimate rightness of the mass.

* * *

THIS might be discounted as a rather rough and inchoate equipment for the job of President of the United States, to whom great moments of decision come not often. But at such moments, Mr. Smith would decide from a reserve of judgment within himself. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, with his more intricate mental processes, would be apt to accept existing formulas and to rationalize his decision against that background. I do not mean to say that Mr. Hoover would decide wrong, but it seems to me that his decision would suffer somewhat from the obfuscation of precedent.

If an example is required, one might cite intervention in Latin America. Intervention under Mr. Smith would not prove a facile enterprise. In the complex and imperative demands of our position in this Hemisphere, it might be that Mr. Smith would have an instinct for reaching a solution which would protect our interests without sacrificing our friendships, would approach the problem in terms of the ultimate objective, rather than through immediate manifestations of prestige. The Governor is not familiar



with these great diplomatic problems, and the point might therefore seem far-fetched, but I have an idea that his instinct would prove as effective, on a broad view, as Mr. Hoover's dexterity of mind and breadth of method. Mr. Smith's flair for apposite expression is but an outward indication of his thought. His English has neither the studied elegance of Mr. Wilson's nor the picturesque vigor of Mr. Roosevelt's. It has a blunt, direct and true quality all its own. And this form of expression, which can rise to real heights, is not a mere arrangement of words, but a revelation of something deep within the man.

* * *

WHEN one has discounted all that is superficial, all that is sometimes even grotesque, one finds that the essential thing about Gov. Smith is his instinct for dealing with public problems in a manner which he conceives to be to the greatest and most permanent advantage of the mass of the people. This is a very democratic view of the relation of an executive officer to the public whom he serves.

The public often does not know what it wants and sometimes seems not to care, and what is of advantage to the public is not always to the advantage of the responsible administration. But in our expensive, diffusive and ineffective system of Government, one's judgments must be fixed not on an examination of the process in small sections, or over short periods of time, but on a complete view of the spectacle from 1776 to now. The instincts of Washington and Lincoln were more im-



THE BOSS: What—you a college graduate and you can't get tickets for the big game? Say, what do you think you're in this firm for?

portant, and exerted a more lasting effect on our development, than their minds.

And so, without suggesting a comparison, it is worth reflecting that Mr. Smith has an instinct which, given a chance to operate in a wider field, might prove a sounder guide to true progress than the more brilliant emanations of great minds. Somebody will remark that this is projecting the campaign into the realm of metaphysics. It is, I admit, remote from hard brown hats and back platforms. But the truth about the candidates is not something that can be flashed upon a movie screen or projected through horns.

Unhappily, it is upon the misleading evidence furnished by the news-reel cameras and the radio loud-speakers that the decision will probably be made.

The Floorwalker

(At work.)

"Hooks and eyes are on counter number twenty-two, aisle six, in the basement. . . . No, madam, you'll find clothespins on the third floor in the woodenware department. . . . Icepicks are sold on the fifth floor in the rear. . . . Shoestrings, button-hooks and thimbles are conveniently grouped on the notion counter, aisle four on the main floor. . . . Thumb tacks have moved from next to the cafeteria to directly opposite the ladies' lounge on the fourth floor near the main staircase, reached by walking down aisle nine from the South Street elevators, or aisle six from the escalator."

(At home.)

"Where in blazes is that coal shovel?"
Bill Sykes.

IRRESISTIBLE PLEA

COACH (between halves): Say, you, what the hell's the matter with you? Didn't I tell you to kick over the side lines so their quarterback couldn't run the ball back? I been tellin' you that all week, but no—you gotta boot it straight down the field right in his arms, you mush-head!

PUNTER: Aw, listen, coach, I ain't got a chance. I kicked the ball the way you said every time, but that old pigskin 'ud curve in, that's all.

COACH: Oh, I see—it was the wind, huh?

PUNTER: No, it's that quarterback. Didn't you hear him yell every time I kicked that damn pigskin? Don't you know he's the champion hog-caller in Iowa?

"How long have they been engaged?"

"Oh, for a long time—ever since he ordered a new Ford."



20 Killed by Poison Liquor In New York Over Week End

**Eight Today and Twelve Yesterday Make Up
Death Toll—Others May Die—Gov-
ernment Policy Blamed.**

Poison liquor killed twenty men in New York over the week end. It sent more than fifty to the hospitals, where some are likely to die.

Eight died this morning from the

MANY BLINDED.



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

The Old Grads

by
John
Kieran

THE COLLEGE football coaches seem to be giving up the huddle but the Old Grads are still using it. The usual custom is for the Old Grads to peer at the team, go into a huddle, and come out again to peer at the team. That's quite all right. It's when they come out of the huddle and peer at the coach that trouble looms. It's an odd point but the angle of vision is largely dependent upon the scores of the games. The Old Grads



look at the team as long as it wins. When it begins to lose, they look at the coach.

The situation with regard to Arnold Horween and Harvard is particularly complicated because the Crimson Old Grads—some of them have been really crimson for two or three years now—have been going into huddles in different cities and have come out peering in all directions. Some of them have been fixing a concentrated glare on Arnold Horween. If the current campaign of the Cambridge troops shows no appreciable advance, no ground gained over the gloomy level of recent seasons, the amiable and quite capable coach may be doomed.

The Harvard Old Grads are a portly and dignified lot, leaders of art, science, commerce and all that sort of thing, and they will put it quite nicely and courteously, but the thought behind it will be quite as determined and decisive as that which led the Irish police sergeant in "The Crock of Gold" to say to the constable who was guarding the offending prisoner:

"Shawn! Fetch that man a clout in the jaw!"

"Harvard Must Win!" is the slogan, and a very good slogan it is. Who would suspect so much blood and iron underneath the glossy boiled shirts of these elderly, dignified and apparently peaceable gentlemen? They themselves can sit

around an appropriately decorated table and win game after game by thumping the groaning board with clenched fists, by ripping up an opposing line with imaginary plays and impossible strategy with non-existing athletes,—and by firing the coach. It's no trouble at all to win a football game after dinner, provided nobody interrupts you.

But out on the field it is a different matter. A sure cure for a good deal of this Old Grad indignation would be to take some conspicuous examples and put them in the luckless positions where many coaches now stand. Harvard hasn't a monopoly on athletically discontented alumni or on disappointing football returns, either. Give all of them a chance. The next time they come out of a huddle let it be with a nomination of one of their number to take charge next season at Rutgers, at Cornell, at Ohio State, at Chicago, or wherever the smoldering fires of indignation are burning below decks.

Harvard must win, of course. And

so must Yale and Army and Navy and Pennsylvania and Dartmouth and Princeton and Penn State, but as a good many of these teams play each other, it becomes embarrassingly evident that if some of them must win, others must lose. Any unprejudiced observer can see that, but an Old Grad is not an unprejudiced observer, naturally enough, and that cold and clammy fact about the necessity of there being losers is out of his line of vision entirely. It's on his blind side.



But there's no need of being too hard on the old boys. Bless their ancient and irate hearts! all this elderly indignation over the game of football is proof positive that they still keep the spirit of youth, that they are still young—and

foolish. Let the younger generation bear that in mind when the worn and weary coach says sorrowfully: "We're out of luck this year. All our best kickers are on the Alumni Advisory Board."

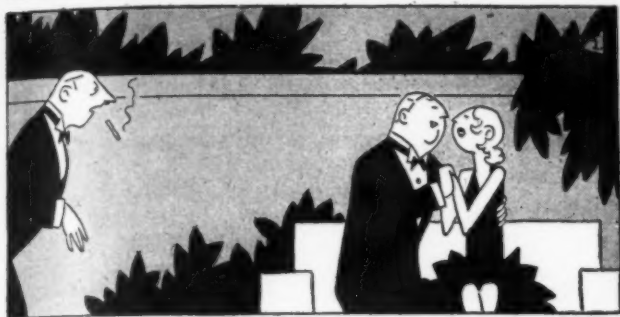
NO CHANGE

CLARA: Do you get your alimony regularly?

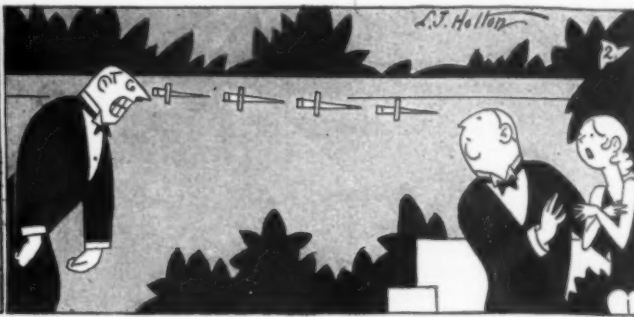
MARIE: No, I might just as well be living with him.



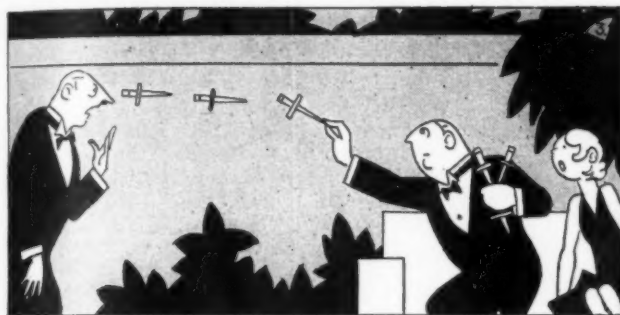
"ONE-EYE" CONNOLLY CRASHES THE KU KLUX MEETING



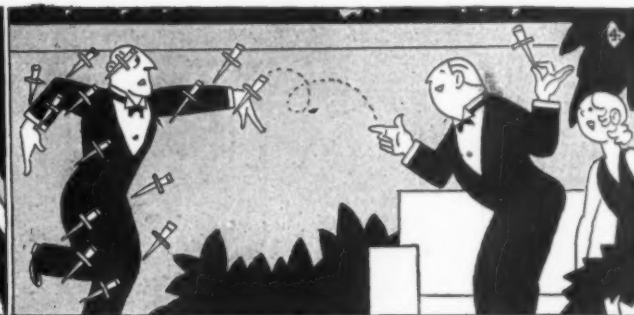
THE SAD TALE—



OF THE JEALOUS CHAP—



WHO LOOKED DAGGERS—



AT A PROFESSIONAL KNIFE-THROWER

Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

AN Epworth League rally at Peoria, Illinois, resolves that "National Prohibition has been of incalculable benefit to American youth," and the President of the University of Michigan asks Federal dry sleuths to investigate rumors of widespread drinking on the campus; at Clinton, Illinois, a dry agent kidnaps a girl of fourteen to use her as a lure to trap drinkers, and a bootlegger in South Bend requests the police to put his son in jail to cure him of drunkenness; a man in Michigan gets a life sentence for violation of the Volstead Act, and another offender in Brooklyn draws a fine of twenty-five cents; at Lorain, Ohio, a girl motorist

is shot at night by dry agents she mistook for hold-up men, and a Vermont whiskey smuggler's automobile throws off a smoke screen to baffle pursuers; Prohibition Commissioner James M. Doran argues that the Volstead law is making men better-looking, and the American Cosmeticians' Society warns that bootleg rum is ruining girls' complexions.

W. W. Scott.

MARY: Bill made a forward pass this afternoon.

RUTH: I told you that you'd have to watch those college boys, dearie.

ABBREVIATED—Now is the time for all good men to come to.

A Matter of Opinion

My deeds would make Napoleon's pale;
Poor Shakespeare's words divine
Would sound nonsensical and stale
Compared with verse of mine;
No hero since the world began,
No sage could equal me,
If I were only half the man
My mother thought I'd be.

The dullest dolt that breathes, I fear,
Beside me would seem wise;
A sloth by contrast would appear
A thing of enterprise;
No failure ever was so great,
No coward more suspect,
If my wife's mother's estimate
Of me is half correct!

Dalnar Devening.



WHAT THIS WORLD NEEDS IS MORE CONCENTRATION



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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APPARENTLY it is only sectarian prejudice, and not religion, which is taken seriously in the United States; otherwise a distinguished New York clergyman would lately have been dragged out of his pulpit and torn to pieces before the altar. For he dared to say that in this country there is too much attention to rules, and too little to principle; and in saying that he set himself directly against the ruling theory not only of American religion, but of American sport and business and politics too. This people seems to regard virtue as something which consists in obeying rules, or at least in not getting caught disobeying rules. The principles that are supposed to underlie the rules commonly are lost to sight.

Nothing makes this so plain as the extraordinary complexity of the rules of characteristic American sports. In college football a good deal turns on the question whether certain players actually come to a full stop before they start up again, whether a ball travels six feet through the air or only five. A tennis player is an amateur if newspaper stories which he writes about a tournament in which he played are published three days later; if they are published two days later he is a professional. A college football player is a professional if he is paid for playing football, but if he is paid for ringing the chapel bell he is not a professional. The emphasis in the question of professionalism, in the actual play of the games, is on rules, not on principles; righteousness consists in the strict observance of law. We do produce good sportsmen, in professional as well as in amateur sport, in spite of this insistence on legalism;

but the force of the whole system operates against it. If the man who keeps within the law is righteous it follows that he must get as much as he can within the law, and insist that his opponent shall get no more than the law allows, regardless of what less complex and enlightened civilizations used to call the principles of sportsmanship.

The same thing can be seen in politics and business, and it makes this a happy nation for lawyers. But one might have expected the churches to throw the emphasis the other way. The idea that righteousness is the observance of rules, that by the Law all men shall be made perfect, is nothing new; the Jews tried it more than two thousand years ago. How successful they were in their endeavor to become perfect by the washing of hands, the tithing of mint and anise and cummin, is a matter on which there may be some difference of opinion. What is a matter of undeniable record, what the churches might have been expected to remember, is that Christianity began as a protest against that very thing. The teaching of Jesus and the theology of Paul, different as they are in many respects, agree in this, that they count principles as more important than a set of rules; they deny that a man can attain perfection by mere law observance.

The churches of America have pretty well turned their backs on both Jesus and Paul, in this matter, and gone over to the Pharisees.



A GOOD many people who try to be good Christians fail to see this, no doubt, because this reversion to a pre-Christian and

anti-Christian doctrine happens to be most conspicuously dramatized, at present, in the organized opposition of Methodists and Baptists to a candidate who is against Prohibition. Prohibition is an issue which makes people angry; the antagonism of city and country, which happens to be associated this year with the Prohibition issue, also makes people angry; and consequently the less includes the greater, good Christians are willing to discard one of the fundamental teachings of their Master in order to uphold a particular set of rules. But almost any movement to impose a new set of rules on the public can generally find support among American churches; and considering the tendency to pharisaic legalism which crops out in sport and business, it is no wonder. The view that by the Law shall all men be made perfect pretty well pervades American life; and from that it is a natural step to the doctrine that perfection is only a matter of keeping within the law.

Meanwhile the principle that a man should be strong enough to meet temptation and beat it off is discarded, and so is the principle that Church and State should keep within their own fields; the churches try to drum up all the votes they can in support of a set of rules designed to abolish temptation. What happens when temptation is not abolished, in spite of the rules, we see all around us, and not always in the case of unchurched infidels. And while the Christians go back to the doctrine that Jesus opposed, Reformed Judaism quietly gives up the idea that righteousness is an affair of the rule book. If Jesus came back to earth He might find Himself more at home among His own people than in the midst of those who call Him "Lord, Lord."

Of course it may be that Bishop Cannon is right, and Jesus was wrong.



A GOOD many newspaper readers must have lately rubbed their eyes, and their glasses, and then looked back a second time to make sure that this was really a report of a meeting of the American Bankers' Association, and not of some convention of the enemies of society. For through many of the speeches in this late assembly at Philadelphia ran a warning that perhaps the Golden Age of easy pickings is drawing to an end. "Three years ago," said Mr. Leonard Ayres, "the American people were speculating in

Florida real estate and finally that bubble burst. Then they speculated in urban real estate, but city real estate prices are rapidly coming down. Now they have turned to the stock market, and stocks are selling on expectation rather than on realization."

That is no new argument; Mr. John J. Raskob, who knows a good deal about markets, lately observed that most stock prices are too high. But Mr. Raskob's remarks could be, and were, disregarded; he is running a Democratic presidential campaign, and by that sign all good business men know him as an enemy of business. Mr. Ayres, however, was talking as a banker to bankers when he said that "the public appears to be mistaking the past for the future, and confidently believing that the credit inflation based on the gold that is gone will somehow suffice to support market prices until something else can take its place."

Did that disturb the public that has been running up the prices in the Stock Market? Not in the least; the market went on rising. The Federal Reserve Board has tried to hold the gamblers down, but with no success; if the bankers think of reducing speculators' loans, their depositors, the great corporations in which the business judgment of America is embodied, take over the work and lend the money that boosts prices higher and higher.

POSSIBLY some of these corporations prefer to use their money to finance stock gambling (on good security) rather than to expand their own businesses, because they have a suspicion that the consumers are already absorbing about as much as can be forced down their throats; but whether or not that is the reason, it begins to look as if our famous prosperity were not so securely founded as some of the campaign speeches would have us believe. That argument, however, will not be popular with the optimistic stock gambler, who knows that a fifty per cent increase in the average price of stocks means a fifty per cent increment in national wealth, regardless of the return that the stocks may yield to their owners.

It looks as if there were several billion dollars of sucker money in this country that are bound to be lost somewhere; now that the bottom has dropped out of Florida the money is getting ready to be lost in Wall Street. But violent fluctuation of prices on Wall Street is not very good for American business. It might be cheaper in the long run if we encouraged the development of roulette.

Elmer Davis.



THE ONE WHISPERER WORTH LISTENING TO

—Life Lines—

As near as we can figure it, about the only thing a General Motors official hasn't come out for this year is the new Ford.

⌞

"Mr. Dallas Parker, and Miss Edna Muirhead seemed to have a good time Sunday night."

—Wetumka (Okla.) Gazette.

A GUARDED statement, if we ever heard one.

⌞

THE purchasing power of the American dollar in Rumania, travelers report, is but fifty cents or, in other words, just double what it is over here.

⌞

"CORPORATION, doing nation-wide business, has desirable opening for lady, good appearance,

to qualify for position of responsibility, educational campaign; must be free to leave city; common school education sufficient if applicant is ambitious, energetic, capable handling people; will be trained in business; salary \$18 first year. Suite 1715, 303 5th av."

—New York World Want Ad.

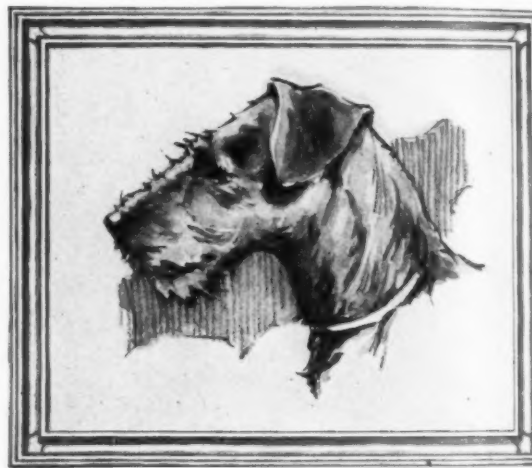
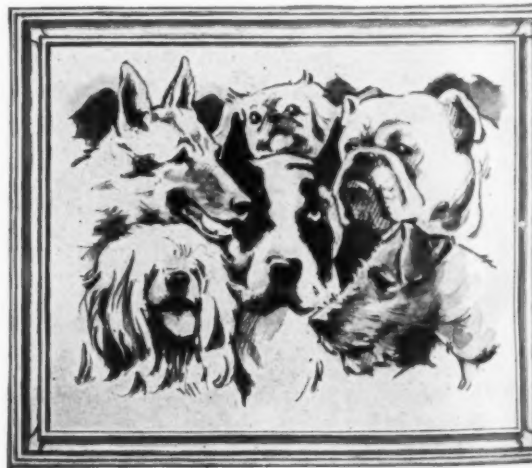
WHY Corporations Do Nation-wide Business; or, How to Be a Lady of Good Appearance on \$18 per Annum.

⌞

It is reported that a flapper bootlegger in Oregon was carrying moonshine in her bloomers. This ought to give someone a chance to revive that old joke about a kick in the pants!

⌞

OUR favorite co-eds are those that you meet in the School of Experience.

ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION—*Setter.*TAFT ADMINISTRATION—*Bull Terrier.*WILSON ADMINISTRATION—*Boston Bull.*HARDING ADMINISTRATION—*Airedale.*COOLIDGE ADMINISTRATION—*Collie.*NEXT ADMINISTRATION—*????*

Which Will Be Next in the White House?



THE THEATRE



Tired and Out of Patience

by
**Robert
Bencbley**

PROFESSIONAL theatregoers took an awful beating during the week of October 8th when "Faust" and "The Light of Asia" opened on successive nights. Either one of these behemoths would have been tiresome enough to fill one man's quota of ennui for an entire season. And yet hardly had we straightened our legs out and got our back into place from "Faust" when, the next night, we must go and watch Walter Hampden in charades lasting 'way into the night. We are definitely through with the Earnest Theatre now. Willard Mack is our boy.

We are surprised and disappointed in the Theatre Guild. One expects this sort of thing from Mr. Hampden who, so long as he can dress up and recite, doesn't seem to care much about such things as pace and interest. But we have never before been constantly and aggressively bored at a Theatre Guild production. We have never seen a Theatre Guild production that was inexpert before. We don't know what to think.

Of course, there being no State law making it obligatory for the Guild or for anyone else to produce Goethe's "Faust," the primary mistake was probably in selecting this great big bouncing poem as an opening bill. It would seem that even a reading of the thing in German 2b would have convinced anyone with a knowledge of the theatre that, for acting purposes, "Samson Agonistes" or "Paradise Lost" would be preferable. Just what they thought they were going to do with it is, and probably always will be, a mystery. Whatever it was, they didn't do it.



WE CAN look with a little more indulgence on Mr. Hampden's turkey entitled "The Light of Asia." We all know Mr. Hampden's weakness for unbecoming costumes and blank verse and when we go to his theatre we deliberately let ourselves in for whatever we get. We say this, we who saw his "Cyrano" eight times and bawled loudly each time, but we have a

sneaking suspicion now that maybe Rostand had something to do with that. For, much as we hate to enrage Mr. Hampden's public, we must record our belief that he is, *au fond*, a ham actor. Nobody but a ham actor would select such an uninspired series of sentences as Georgina Jones Walton has woven together in "The Light of Asia" simply because it gave him an opportunity to do his stuff. (When we tell you that "The Light of Asia" was originally written for performance in a Western theosophical colony, we have perhaps given sufficient tip-off.) It is supposed to be an account of how Buddha happened to find out that he was Buddha, but the original Gautama must have possessed qualities that Mr. Hampden somehow fails to get across or he never would have had so many followers. People might follow Mr. Hampden's *Buddha*, but only to make remarks from a distance. If Mr. Hampden is going to insist on rigging himself up, he really ought to pick costumes that suit him a little better. He looks awful.



IF OUR two great agencies for improving the Drama are going to go as bad as the Guild and Mr. Hampden have done, where are we to look for refined entertainment? The Guild has been clinking "Faust" about in its pocket for over a year now; so they must have thought it was pretty good. Even Goethe could have told them better—and, as a matter of fact, did. But, after last season's series of super-successes, and the many seasons before when we went to a Guild opening confident that we were going to get something worth sitting through, we are inclined to hope that "Faust" was just one of those mistakes that we all make. So, as soon as the subscription season is over, and all the little subscribers have found out for themselves what it is to go through hell, we will all bound back to the next offering with renewed eagerness, for anything, they do will be better than "Faust."

As for the Hampden Theatre, however, we admit ourselves licked. Unless "Cyrano" is performed there again, we will establish a deadline at Fifty-Ninth St. beyond

which we cannot go without being shot. This will not interfere with Mr. Hampden's future success in the least and it will save us a great deal of itching.



COMPARED with these serious offerings, Miss Irene Bordoni in "Paris" is practically heaven. In an ordinary week it would not have been so good. A more hackneyed play would have been impossible to find (and apparently a great deal of hunting was done and a great deal of bother taken to disentangle it from the hundreds of other stories exactly like it) and there are moments in it when we had some idea of going back and seeing if "Faust" really was as bad as we thought. But these moments were not when Miss Bordoni was on (or, at least, not many of them) and certainly not during the singing of Mr. Cole Porter's songs. It is Mr. Porter who contributes most to "Paris" and it should be a matter for local rejoicing that he has decided to return to America and write songs for the public instead of for a little group of fortunate ones around a piano in Paris.

If "Paris" were a better play, the introduction of Irving Aaronson's entire band (who just happened to drop into the apartment for an informal rehearsal and were, by great good luck, shown up) would be more of an intrusion. As it is, nobody cares much what happens to the story, as everything that could happen to it happened years ago, and so the "Commanders" help out considerably by their ambidextrous efforts.

WE STOPPED in for a moment at the last act of Mr. Cohan's musical comedy, "Billie," to see what it was like. As we entered we heard one character saying: "Won't you sit down?" and another character replying: "No, thanks, I've been skating all day and I'm tired of sitting down." So we turned right around and got out before the door had closed on our entrance. We may go back and we may not. Maybe by now Mr. Cohan won't let us go back.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.

Two Gentlemen Dismiss the Prohibition Issue

(SCENE: *The dinner table, after the ladies have gone upstairs. CHARACTERS: The two wealthy gentlemen in the foreground to your right.*)

THE THIN GENTLEMAN: I confess I shall be delighted when this campaign is over.

THE FAT GENTLEMAN: Yes—it does get a bit tiresome after . . .

THIN: I mean to say—I'll be damned glad to hear the end of all this nonsense about revising the Prohibition law.

FAT: I know. Everyone is talking . . .

THIN: People seem to disregard the fact that it's in the Constitution—and there it will stay. I mean to say, you can't change the Constitution. It's the law of the land, and any man who tries to interfere with it is either a fool or a drunkard.

FAT: I don't doubt that a lot of them are both. Ha, ha . . .

THIN: Only the other day I was talking with a friend of mine—and I asked him what he considered to be the big issue of this campaign. Do you know what he said? He said, "Prohibition!"

(THE FAT GENTLEMAN shakes his head, being unable to think of any adequate comment.)

THIN: Yes, sir! He put Prohibition ahead of Prosperity, or sound business administration, or—or—Prosperity, or anything else. He gave me a lot of rigmarole about crime, and corruption, and hypocrisy, and bigotry, and all the old standbys. But I settled him.

FAT: What did you say?

THIN: I just gave him one or two facts! I told him, "In the old pre-war days, our greatest problem was in getting full work out of the men at our factories on Mondays. They of course had been drinking over the week-end—and they showed it. But now, since Prohibition, we're increasing efficiency to such an extent that Monday is just about as good as any other day in the week. That's the answer," I told him. "That's the argument that has beaten liquor forever."

FAT: And what did he say to *that*?

THIN: He remarked that the morals of my employees were no concern of *his*—he didn't even consider they were any concern of *mine*. So then I said to him, "I gather that you want liquor yourself." And he said, "I do—and what of it?" And so I asked him, "Well, my dear fellow, can't *you* get all you want now? Because if you can't, I shall be only too glad to give you the 'phone number of my pet bootlegger."

FAT: Ha, ha, ha! You certainly had him stumped *that* time. Ha, ha, ha!







SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
**Percy L.
Crosby**

DEAR SOOKY:
I'm staying down here to my Uncle's house in Virginia an it's so big that I almost rattle around in it. It's all very much quiet an still. Time doesn't mean nothin sorta, an ya only know the day is over when the great big shadows of the trees stretch out all across the lawn. They make ya think of giants' yawnin arms. Then the crickets begin to tick-tack on the night.

As soon as twilight comes, we lights all the candles an my Aunt goes in the drawing-room an plays the piano. My Uncle is lyin on the sofa sippin up his pipe when he sees me go over to the candles an make little balls outa the wax drippins. I got shooshed out of the house cause my Aunt was playin the Moonlight Sonora an that was my tip to go tip-toeing off the porch. So I walks around the lawn. I looked back at the house an it was cer-

tainly very elegant to see all the candle lights in the windows. I got to wonderin if the house was insured, an if it was, how nice it would look all on fire. It would be swell helpin around with the hose, an me 'n all the firemen would clutter up the kitchen an make hot coffee an sandwiches an talk over how we saved the place.

I got thinkin of that an all of a sudden I see the moon come over the house an I get to wonderin about Carol an if I'll get a postcard by tomorrow.

Out on the grounds the music seemed to get sifted through the big trees an it was so soft that it made me think of a lot of elves trapezin over spider webs. For a long time I watched the fireflies spanglin up the lawn, then I went to the back of the house. From there ya could see the moon dimplin the water. Of course that's all very swell on the surface but who would want to go underneath it an get mixed up with a lot of oogily-oogily tur-

bles? While I was standin there gapin, I heard a noise in back of me an of course I thought of robbers right away, but who should it be but my Uncle's ridin horse Star. He come right over to me an rubbed his nose on my shoulder an up against my ear just as if to say, "Go ahead, sneak in an get some sugar—nobody'll know." Well, you know me, kid. I filled my pockets. Then all of a sudden my Uncle calls me an the horse run like sixty way out in the field. He knew he done wrong.

There was nothin more to do so I goes back in the house an scours around the pantry for cookies but I couldn't find any. I moseyed around an got a piece of bread an butter an starts munchin that an lookin through the curtains an waitin till they get through the Sonora so I can ask my Uncle for the sportin sheet.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy

The Modern Girl Answers a Few Questions in the Registration Booth

CLERK: What's your name?

M. G.: Who wants to know?

CLERK: Your address?

M. G.: Try and find out.

CLERK: How old are you?

M. G.: Why bring that up?

CLERK: Occupation?

M. G.: Ask me another!

CLERK: Married or single?

M. G.: Don't be ridic.

CLERK: What country were you born in?

M. G.: Who cares?

CLERK: How long have you been living in this precinct?

M. G.: Be your age, dearie.

CLERK: Have you ever voted before?

M. G.: That slays me.

(It does. X marks spot where her body was found.)

Bill Levine.

WORTH WAITING FOR

RADIO ANNOUNCER: You are now being entertained by Tom Reilley, the whispering tenor.

FEMALE LISTENER: Oh, goody! Now we'll hear some scandal.

Mrs. WILLEBRANDT seems to believe in keeping on the straight and narrow-minded path.



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

DETROIT

BILL CLARE who runs the hotel on the south side of the park served a delicious chicken dinner to the Adcraft Club last Friday, the same being hugely enjoyed by all. Bill's chickens are the kind that have no necks, the boys say.

Among recent out-of-town visitors were a Mr. Tom Adison, or Odison, from Orange, N. J., said to be in the inventing line, and Televox, a mechanical man whose address we did not learn. Both were full of expressions of surprise at the growth of our little city.

Our Representative W. Frank James has flown 20,000 miles to get a true knowledge of housing conditions at army posts. Go it, Frank. When you speak on the subject in Congress this fall, nobody can say you are hot air-minded.

At a football pep meeting last night J. Fred Lawton led the singing of "Varsity, we're for you, here for you to cheer for you, etc.," which he also wrote. Fred is a U. of M. alumnus, it is getting to be generally known.

William A. Comstock, candidate for governor on the Dem. ticket, is circulating about in this neighborhood and shaking the political bushes. He says he'll win, but Gov. Green just smiles and says he heard different.

Mallard ducks are ripe in the land of Michigan.

Elmer C. Adams.

BOSTON

LOUIS K. LIGGETT, who runs the corner drug store, says it beats all how people keep on eating ice cream even though summer is all over.

About 2,000 students from Hanover, N. H., are in town this week-end for the Harvard-Dartmouth game. If the Dartmouth boys win, it will be Hangover, N. H., Monday morning.

Keen political observers say they haven't yet seen an automobile with a Norman Thomas plate on it.

Joe D. Hayes, our prominent wool man, is out in a natural camel's hair coat and is mighty careful where he sits down or what he brushes up against.

One of our leading churchmen was fined this week for obnoxious talk. He called a man "mister" at the Rotary Club luncheon.

The new and elegant \$5,000,000 Keith Memorial Theater will open shortly and is expected to cut in quite a bit on the Art Museum's business.

Our traffic dept. is all set to arrest jay walkers who go bumping into trucks, colliding with Chevrolets, etc. It's got so drivers in our principal streets can hardly go out for an

evening's joy ride without getting their front bumpers bent or their radiators dented.

The Boston University football team is called the Terriers this year and if the Terriers chew up their opponents, it's news, and if the other team chews up the Terriers it's just 100 words and a summary.

Local P. O. inspectors are watching the mails closely to see that there are no repeaters in the *Literary Digest's* straw vote.

Neal O'Hara.

DENVER

ONIONS have leaped to five cents, spuds weaker.

No word yet from the epic poem on the peace treaties sent by Newcomb Cleveland, Gertie's father, to *Physical Culture*, a big N. Y. magazine. No news is good news, Newcomb. They wouldn't keep a big thing like that 19 days if they didn't intend to print it.

Cecil W. Doherty is the proud purchaser of a new floater for his hydrometer.

On Monday and Tuesday, resp., inst., the stork brought little visitors to the well known law firm of Grant, Ellis, Shafroth, Shafroth, Toll, Shetterly, Holland, Maroney, Johnson & Macbeth, same being Baby Diana Holland and Something Johnson, we not having asked Stanley yet about his or her weight.

Thankful Bickmore is helping Amy Stearns cook for the threshers over at Bob's place.

Well, school is going good. Our oldest boy Ned is getting along fine with Miss Jones in Room 16. Ned had Miss Smith in Room 202 all last year until she left to get married.

A book-agent named Harry Bellamy recently got past the elevator boy in the Foster Building.

If a swarthy party giving his name as John Ball offers your wife a pressure cooker for a subscription to "N. N.," same saying he is working his way through college, delay him and ye ed will bicycle over by telephone, being deputized.

George Shaw was recently seen sitting on one of the Busy Corner benches reserved for the G. A. R. Shame on you, George. What if everybody was to do that!

As we go to press City Fathers George Steele and Doc Lucy are locked in conference framing the biggest Tolstoy Centenary ever staged in these parts.

We view with alarm the increase in immorality among GALLEY FIVE PICK UP DUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE HOLDOVER.....

Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

SEATTLE

ENE BAGSHAW who teaches Football, Theory and Practice, at the U. of W., is about as blue as he usually is this time of the year but no bluer.

Fall sports are the Order of the Night at the University Club and Warren Bell, our waggish Dr., says he is throwing 7's and 11's in mid-season form already.

B. Collins' new book, "The Rome Express," has caused quite a lot of excitement among folk of our town some of whom seem to think they were characterized in it. "If the shoe pinches it's a horse of a different color," says Bertie, which to us sounds like a pretty snappy comeback.

C. Mattice is back at his annual job of taking the duck census. For a brace of Mallards this dept. will be glad to say something nice about your nimroding, Clyde.

Marion Lay, the scribes, is lecturing twice a week at the University and oftener than that at home if the word of her husband who is H. Davis, the poet, is as good as we think it is.

O. Ahlblad and wife had the ed. out to dinner one recent evening and if more people would do that more people would see their names in print and the aforementioned ed. would lose a lot of what his friends sometimes refer to as his worried look.

Hal Burdick.

CHICAGO

We saw Mayor Thompson on Clark St. the other day, looking greatly reduced.

Ye ed rec'd a pleasant postcard from Perce Hammond, showing a cheerful view of the *Herald Tribune* plant, where Perce now has steady employment. It is always a pleasure to hear from local boys who have made good in the Big City. F. P. Adams, Chas. MacArthur, Ben Hecht, Burns Mantle and Jack Lait please write.

Our taxicab war has been hard on the incomes of the surviving drivers, but the Drive-Ur-Self stations have far from suffered.

The Western Division of the Republican National Committee is still headquartered at 333 North Michigan Ave. (only a short elevator ride from the Tavern Club), although offered fine rooms and rates in the Pure Oil Building.

Now that James Weber Linn has returned from a too-long vacation and resumed his "Round About Chicago" column, we have been again persuaded to become a cash subscriber for the *Herald and Examiner*.

"The slightest thing will change a man's appearance and nobody but himself knows what caused the change," we reflected the other

day, when, rushing naked-eyed with our broken specs to the optician's, a puzzled friend halted us to ask if we hadn't shaved off what we never grew—viz., a mustache.

There is little truth in the report that this reporter telephones his items to NEIGHBORHOOD News, where they are polished up by a highly paid rewrite man. If so, there would be more polish.

Which reminds us that a lot of expensive advertising of certain star writers is being carried in LIFE, the comic supp. of NEIGHBORHOOD News, and not a line about the leg-workers who get the news, if any, and make this weekly what it is—our publisher evidently forgetting that a paper is as good as its reporters.

Ashton Stevens.

MINNEAPOLIS

GEORGE ABRAMSON, All-American Guard at the U. of M. a couple of years ago, is now in the furniture business here, thereby breaking the old tradition that football stars must either become coaches or sell bonds.

Larry Durand, Ernie Maddaus, and Ray Fredell, three of our prominent young bankers, are back from a trip through the Great Open Spaces. They say they are sorry to report no rattlesnake bites, they being prepared for such.

Considerable grain is coming into town these days. Seems like the farmers, at least, haven't heard it's Presidential Year.

Mrs. R. H. Van Cleve and son Robert of this city are leaving Minneapolis the middle of the month to join Mr. Van Cleve who is associated with the Guggenheim interests in Chile. We wish them a pleasant trip, and, sharpening up the old saw, hope the climate down there isn't all the name suggests.

The U. of Minn. fall term begins this week; the Gaiety Burlesque show opened a few weeks earlier.

Michael Fleming.

MONTREAL

ED. BEATTY's Duchess of Bedford, which is a ship, not a lady, now makes England in five days and some hours, which is further proof that New York can look to her laurels as an ocean port, if any, particularly when you figure that the Duchess has to sail a thousand miles inland after leaving the ocean.

Twenty-five and one half ounces of Mons. Martell's XXX Cognac may now be had from the Government Liquor Stores for the small consideration of \$4.25.

Frigidaire for skating and hockey purposes will be installed in the Forum by the time this reaches print, ready for the clash between McGill and the Winged Wheelers.

Messrs. Moët and Chandon's bubble water of the vintage 1917 is being retailed hereabouts for \$5.75 the qt. as recent tourists from the Land of the Non-Alcoholic Free can testify.

Lyon W. Jacobs our eminent King's Counsel and spellbinder was a recent visitor to the air mail port at St. Hubert where he had a swell time but says he can't understand why anybody should want to get a letter from Albany in two hours.

The 26½ ozs. bottle of Mr. Dewar's Ne Plus Ultra Scotch now rates an even \$5 at the Liquor Commission and you can believe the label.—Advt.

Bans re the impending nuptials of Bunny Foster and the little MacDougall girl are now being published from the pulpit, though

the question about anybody who knows anything against the groom getting wed saying so while he has the chance is purely formal in the case of this eminent young atty. and social maza, NEIGHBORHOOD News is credibly informed.

John (Johnny) Krausmann our portly boniface has taken unto himself a wife which fact has been duly toasted by the aforesaid M. Krausmann and your corresp't in Rhine wine of rare bouquet and vintage.

Leslie Roberts.

NEW YORK

GRANTLAND RICE of here will celebrate his natal day Nov. 1, quietly.

Get news of the election in the December 7 issue of this paper.

The indoor tennis season will start pretty soon. How about it, Gil Gabriel?

Mrs. Frank Ward O'Malley and children are spending the chilly days in Switzerland, Eur.

Anthony and Timothy Adams of Lyons Plains, Conn., have returned to their town house in N. Y. for the winter.

Jacques De Wolf was out playing tennis the other day in a pair of old pants, and Sig Spaeth called him De Wolf in cheap clothing.

Parking in this town is a great problem and we are going to have something to say about it in an early issue, as Geo. Lorimer says.

Gowns are to be worn loose and unclinging this winter. "Form relief," said Nancy Fay the popular artist who is living on 9th Street these days.



"Here, James! Get me one of those hot dogs, only look as if you were buying it for yourself."



COACH: Now get in there and FIGHT! But don't get knocked out—you're the last player we've got.

***Our right hand palm up to Frank Bellamy editor of our contemporary the *Outlook* now combined with the *Independent*. Room enough for all, say we, especially when the competition is not too direct.

F. P. A.

CINCINNATI

CLINKERS are in season.

✧ Ed Ricketts, our popular laundry man, says he has been laundrying quite a no. of wine-stained tablecloths lately, but will vote for A. E. Smith spite of the political views of his customers on Prohibi'n.

***Hank Yeiser, our genial air-minded-

ness advocate and aviation enthusiast, is doing right well in the aeroplane-building bus. here, to judge by the big new auto H. C. drives round in.

✧ Corn is in the tassel.

***Seems Dave Roberts, our alert Clermont Co. *News* Ed., thought the music he thought up on his banjo especially for the poem "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" was good only for same, but it turns out it also fits "Thanatopsis," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Casa-bianca," or any speech by Hon. Sen. Simeon Fess (R.), which was all we heard of up to press-time.

Tupper Greenwald.

CASH AND CARRY

THE OTHER day, a pair of bandits, a man and a woman, stopped their car in front of a grocery and without getting out made the grocer turn over his money. In the more fashionable bandit families, of course, it is customary to phone the grocer and have him deliver his money at the back door.

"WHAT shall I wear for my screen test?"

"How about a filmy dress?"

The Observation Ward



A Ramble Through an Uplift Magazine.

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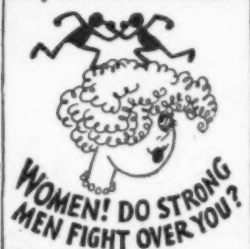
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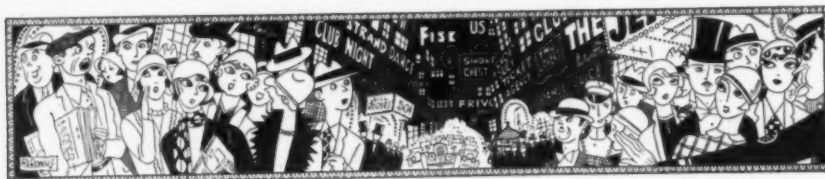


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Throw Away That Truss! Agents Wanted For Our Million Dollar Can Opening Machine! Grows Hair Quickly! Don't Send A Cent! It is FREE!



THE MOVIES

"Four Devils"

by
R. E.
Sherwood

F. W. MURNAU, the stalwart Prussian Guardsman who directed "The Last Laugh" and "Sunrise," has spent the past two years in Hollywood, and while there he has learned that the painted smile of a circus clown may hide a broken heart. Inspired by this startling bit of knowledge, he has gone ahead and made a picture called "Four Devils" which might have been fashioned by the master hands of David Belasco, D. W. Griffith and C. B. De Mille in collaboration.

"Four Devils" is almost shockingly trite. It tells the story of four orphans—two boys and two girls—who are trained for the circus by a drunken brute, from whose clutches they are ultimately rescued by an incredibly noble and long-suffering old clown. This clown fathers them and mothers them, and they grow up in innocent happiness to become headliners in the Paris Circus. Then romance blooms in their hearts, and they pair off—until a vampire of the vintage of 1912 appears to steal one of the athletic boys from the pure, trusting little girl to whom he has plighted his troth. You should see that vampire at work. Such goings on have not been witnessed since the hottest days of Theda Bara and Louise Glaum.

Mr. Murnau presents this tripe in all seriousness, just as if he didn't appreciate the fact that it is tripe. Perhaps he didn't know that it had all been done to death before. Perhaps he hasn't seen as many Hollywood movies as I have.

WHATEVER may be said in deprecation of Mr. Murnau's material, there can certainly be but little complaint against his method. He has directed "Four Devils" with the same originality and the same genius for pictorial effect that distinguished his previous works. His scenes in and about the circus ring are amazingly effective; he even goes so far as to indicate that the act performed by his leading characters is a good act, that they are earning the applause of the audience on the screen. He even shows us some clowns who actually appear to be funny.

The members of the cast are all unable to overcome the unpardonable obviousness of the characters that they portray. Janet Gaynor and J. Farrell MacDonald try hard, and so does a decorative young

lady named Mary Duncan, who is new to the screen. Miss Duncan, I regret to say, is much too strenuous; she uses the old-fashioned and unscientific catch-as-catch-can style of vamping. She should study the art of Greta Garbo, and learn that you don't have to act like a Northwest Mounted Policeman in order to Get Your Man.

It seems to me that if Mr. Murnau would cut about two reels out of "Four Devils," and translate the sub-titles into ordinary, unadorned English, he might convert this picture into one that was worthy of his honorable name. I hope he does so: I hate to see so substantial an idol as this crumbling before my eyes.

A Confidential Guide to current moving pictures will be found on page 26

For the Album

SHE: Why, Dick! What a lovely car!

HE: Oh, hello, Mildred.... Yes, it is a nice car.... It's a Croesus Eight.

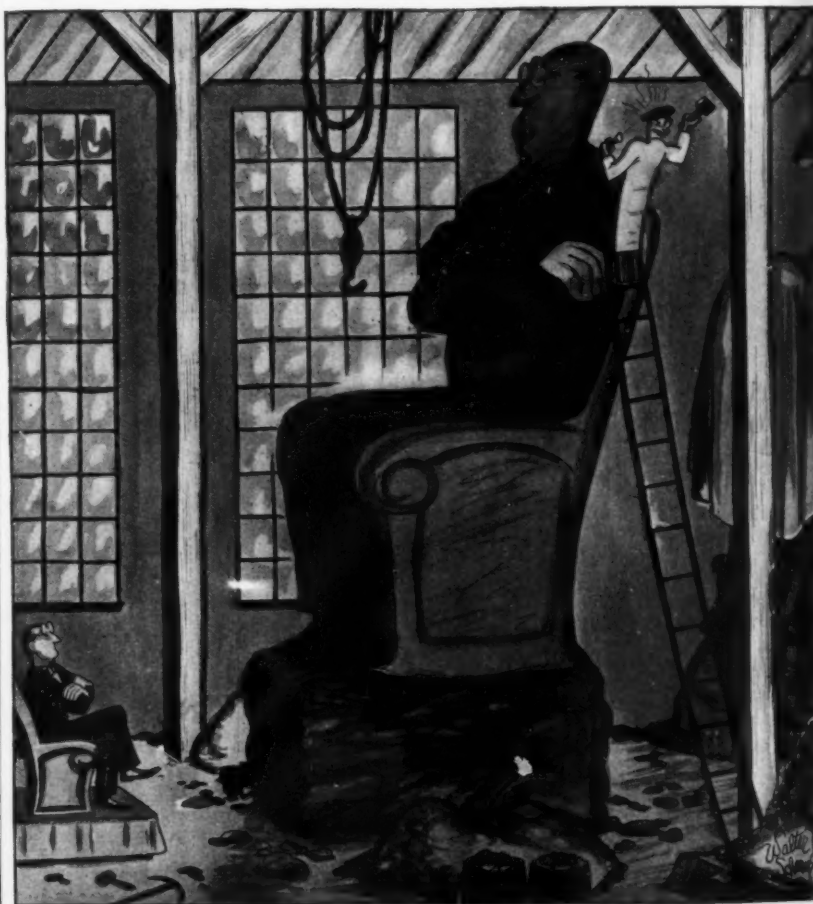
SHE: Oh, do you mind if I sit behind the wheel for a minute?... Isn't this gorgeous! And look at all the doodads on the dash—how do you ever tell them apart? Look, take my picture in it, will you? Here's my pocket kodak—..... All right? Now you get in and I'll take yours.... You look frightfully swell in that car—hold still—there!... But aren't they frightfully expensive? How did you ever happen to buy such a—

HE: Well, Mildred, I think we'd better be moving....

SHE: Oh, do you mean it? I'd just love to go for a—

HE: We better hurry, I guess—the guy that parked this car here is just coming out of that store.... well, so long, Mildred; hope I see you again some time....
(He hastily boards a street car.)

It's a topsy-turvy age. If you don't believe it just see how the sins of the children are being visited upon the fathers.



THE SITTER: I've decided that I'd look better with my legs crossed.

ROLLS-ROYCE

motor cars at re-sale from \$4,000 to \$12,000

SALAMANCA

Specifications

Chassis—Carries same three-year guarantee as is given on every new Rolls-Royce.

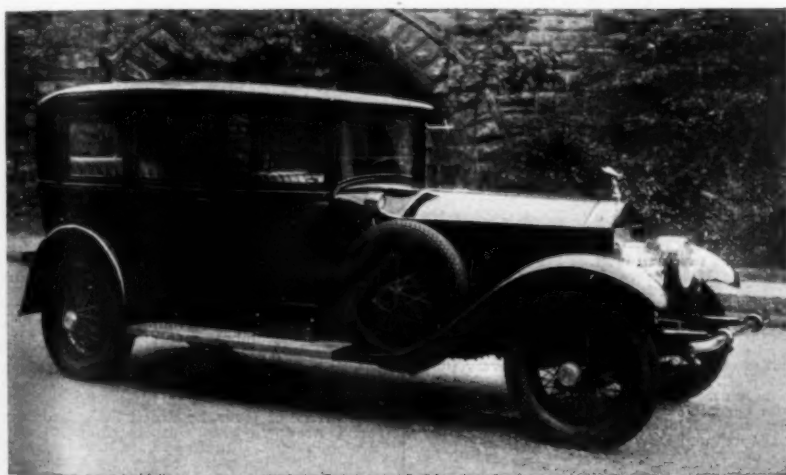
Coachwork—Collapsible rear quarter.

Seating Capacity—Four in passenger compartment.

Finish—Newly finished in black Duco with cream stripe.

Upholstery—Gray broadcloth in excellent condition.

Price—\$10,500.



PADDINGTON

Specifications

Chassis—Carries same three-year guarantee as is given on every new Rolls-Royce.

Coachwork—Entirely new.

Seating Capacity—Seven.

Finish—Two tones of gray oil finish originated by Brewster.

Upholstery—Combination of two tones of gray broadcloth.

Price—\$9,000.

Only a minute inspection would reveal the fact that these are not new cars, just out of the Rolls-Royce/Brewster Works.

Similar facts about the seven types of coachwork offered at re-sale from \$4,000 to \$12,000 may be obtained through all Rolls-Royce branches. If interested, arrangements will be made for an inspection of any particular car and a 100-mile trial trip.

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PITTSBURGH—3939 Forbes St.
SAN FRANCISCO—461 Post St.
COLUMBUS—362 East Broad St.

PHILADELPHIA—Walnut and 21st St.
MONTREAL—4010 St. Catherine St.,
West
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—454 Bridge St.
HARTFORD—326 Pearl St.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

Adventure, Republic—Even the movies gave up this brand of "Western" several years ago.

Courage, Ritz—Janet Beecher in a play about Motherhood. To be reviewed next week.

Diamond Lil, Royale—As Mae West may be playing a return engagement on Blackwell's Island soon, you had better hurry and see this. Or, if you will take our advice, you won't hurry too much.

Faust, Guild—Reviewed in this issue.

Jarnegan, Longacre—A not too convincing tirade against Hollywood, with Richard Bennett as the hero out of the Tully novel. One good act.

The Ladder, Cort—This is supposed to close on November 10, but we have been fooled that way before. It closed so far as the public was concerned about two years ago.

The Light of Asia, Hampden's—Reviewed in this issue.

Machinal, Plymouth—The tragedy of the young wife whose husband got on her nerves to such an extent that she had to kill him. One of the few important productions of the new season.

Night Hostess, Martin Beck—The night-club racket again, with one or two variations.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—If you eat out at all, you probably realize that you have to have seen this for dinner conversational purposes. Some of it will probably interest you in its own right.

The Unknown Warrior, Charles Hopkins—We will review this whenever Mr. Charles Hopkins gets around to opening it.

The War Song, National—George Jessel in the kind of show his public like him in. We admit being part of his public.

Comedy and Things Like That

By Request, Hudson—A pleasant little play involving two or three of the Nugents, which may be why it is pleasant.

The Command Performance, Klaw—A Graustark musical comedy without the music. Ian Keith as John Barrymore.

The Common Sin, Forrest—Part of the 1928 Willard Mack output, with Lee Patrick and Frank Shannon. To be reviewed next week.

Elmer the Great, Lyceum—Walter Huston and Ring Lardner fighting a losing fight against the "popularization" of Mr. Lardner's baseball epic.

Eva the Fifth, Little—An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe showing under harmlessly entertaining difficulties. Claiborne Foster in something not quite good enough for her.

The Front Page, Times Square—A riotous evening with reporters, escaped convicts and a practically unlimited vocabulary. A good bet.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Real newspaper stuff for those who know it when they see it.

Heavy Traffic, Henry Miller's—Mary Boland in a drawing-room comedy dealing with light adulteries. Several good laughs, whether you approve or not.

The High Road, Fulton—A practically perfect English cast, including Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr, in a Lonsdale play which turns out to be very good after a slow start.

Little Accident, Morosco—A comedy by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, with Mr. Mitchell, Katherine Alexander and others. To be reviewed next week.

Mr. Moneybags, Liberty—A play by Channing Pollock, with Donald Meek, Hale Hamilton, Ruth Nugent and others. To be reviewed later.

Olympia, Empire—The new Molnar comedy, with Fay Compton, Laura Hope Crews and others. To be reviewed later.

Paris, Music Box—Reviewed in this issue.

Possession, Booth—Uneven comedy with a final scene to give it distinction. Margaret Lawrence and Walter Connolly help greatly to put it in the preferred class.

Relations, Wallack's—A great deal of Jewish talk about business.

Skidding, Bayes—Minor entertainment.

Straight Thru the Door, Forty-Ninth St.—William Hodge back again, whatever that may mean to you personally.

This Thing Called Love, Maxine Elliott—Violet Heming in marital comedy with a good idea back of it, sometimes quite far back but generally diverting.

When Crummies Played, Garrick—English company in a burlesque on old-time acting which wears a bit thin as the evening progresses.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—The new Marx Brothers show. To be reviewed later.

Billie, Erlanger's—Reviewed in this issue.

Black Birds of 1928, Eltinge—A colored revue which sets a standard which others will have to go considerably to beat.

Chee-Chee, Mansfield—An expert musical version of "The Son of the Grand Eunuch" which contains some of Richard Rodgers' best music, Helen Ford, George Hassell and Betty Starbuck.

A Connecticut Yankee, Vanderbilt—Another Fields-Rodgers-Hart opus, and one which seems to be a permanent fixture on Broadway. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

Cross My Heart, Knickerbocker—Sammy Lee's chorus is the best thing in this in spite of the efforts of Lulu McConnell, Mary Lawlor and Don Barclay.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—Worth trying for several reasons, among them Eddie Buzzell, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and one good song number.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—It is no small job to think up ways of saying that this is a good show for over sixty weeks.

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—With Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr and others. To be reviewed next week.

Just a Minute, Ambassador—Not our favorite.

Luckee Girl, Casino—Neither is this.

The New Moon, Imperial—A beautiful production of musical comedy of the pre-jazz era, with Evelyn Herbert and Gus Shy.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—Joe Cook still monopolizing a large section of the town's laughs.

Scandals, Apollo—The largest collection of stars in town, what with Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—The banner show of last season, still going strong. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Jules Bledsoe, Edna May Oliver.

Three Cheers, Globe—Will Rogers and Dorothy Stone. To be reviewed later.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric—Dennis King and Lester Allen in a particularly musical version of the Dumas romance.

Ups-a-Daisy, Shubert—With William Kent, Luella Gear, Merle Saxon, Buster West and others. To be reviewed next week.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—Some very funny stuff by W. C. Fields, aided by Joe Frisco. Also considerable smut.

White Lilacs, Jolson's—Chopin's life made into a Shubert musical biography, with Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Repertory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva LeGallienne's company in "The Would-be Gentleman," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "The Cherry Orchard," "The Cradle Song." You must look in the papers to see which. We can't do everything for you.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

Excess Baggage, Metro-Goldwyn—Bereft for the moment of his bumptiousness, William Haines gives a tender and touching performance as a humble acrobat whose wife outgrows him.

The Fleet's In, Paramount—Clara Bow as a waterfront flapper who gets the boys as they land; and she's very convincing, too.

Mother Knows Best, Fox—This is excellent as long as it stays silent, but when Madge Bellamy tries to impersonate Al Jolson on the Movietone . . . well, there is still only one Jolson.

Docks of New York, Paramount—The story isn't much, but the acting (particularly George Bancroft's) is fine, and so is the direction by Josef von Sternberg.

The Camera-Man, Metro-Goldwyn—Some of Buster Keaton's most comical clowning, with a few touches of genuine sadness.

Submarine, Columbia—A melodramatic treatment of a submarine disaster, with many thrills and several shudders.

The Cardboard Lover, Metro-Goldwyn—I can find it in me to wish that Marion Davies would develop just a shade more restraint.

The Air Circus, Fox—Not a war picture, but a highly pleasant and commendably plotless narrative of the adventures of two air-minded youths. There is some spoken dialogue.

State Street Sadie, Warner Bros.—Underworld characters, including William Russell, talking out loud, with accompaniment of machine guns and police whistles.

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore is too cute for words. At any rate, I can't think of any.

The Terror, Warner Bros.—May McAvoy, Louise Fazenda and Edward Everett Horton in an all-talking spook melodrama.

Four Walls, Metro-Goldwyn—Good performances by John Gilbert and Joan Crawford in a semi-interesting story of a crook's regeneration.

The Mysterious Lady, Metro-Goldwyn—What this world needs most is more Greta Garbo pictures.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Universal—They've added the Civil War and a sound accompaniment to this aged drama, but the big question still is this: "Will Eliza slip on the ice?"

The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.—The Racket, Paramount. The Patriot, Paramount, and Tempest, United Artists—Previously and urgently recommended.

Four Devils, Fox—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Non-Fiction

The Chevalier Bayard, by Samuel Shellabarger, Century—A readable biography of the Good Bayard, the last of the chivalrous knights. Just a dash academic, but interesting.

Classic Shades, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Little, Brown—Dwight of Yale, Hopkins of Williams, McCosh of Princeton, Lyon of Holyoke, Eliot of Harvard, their influence on American life and letters as evidenced by the colleges under their direction. Recommended to members of all faculties. The rest of you had better read:

A-Rafting on the Mississippi, by Charles Edward Russell, Century—A stirring biography of the big river, with particular attention to those handy fellows who manned the timber rafts, and with a word for the steamboat men of Mark Twain's day. Recommended.

Fiction

The Friend of Jesus, by Ernest Sutherland Bates, Simon & Schuster—This "Gospel according to Jesus" is a profoundly beautiful approach to the other side of the Bible. Bates has endowed his theories of Good and Evil with the color and movement of the King James Version, the dignity of the Book of Common Prayer, and a rich, earthy humor that is as wide around as the Equator. Enthusiastically recommended to Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Agnostics, Atheists, and such unlabeled citizens as are too busy trying to keep decent to think about religion.

A Light for His Pipe, by W. Townsend, Washburn—A sea story, and a good one, concerning two British tramps and their crews, their bitter feud, and strange entanglement in a common fate.

Our Companionate Goldfish, by Don Herold, Doubleday, Doran—No reader of LIFE needs any introduction to Don Herold. Suffice it to say that this collection is as good as his best—and that is very good indeed.

Here, There, and Everywhere, by Dorothy Aldis, Minion, Balch—Verses for children by a mother of four who understands them.

D'Artagnan, by H. Bedford-Jones, Covici-Friede—The swashbuckling rapier-rattler again, in a proper and exciting yarn based on a fragmentary manuscript by Dumas.

Recommended

Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb Roamin' in the Gloamin', by Sir Harry Lauder Death Near the River, by Monte Cooper The Queen's Husband, by R. E. Sherwood Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs The House at Pooh Corner, by A. A. Milne Twilight of the American Mind, by Walter B. Pitkin Spy and Counter-Spy, by Richard Wilson Rowan Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne Murder, by Evelyn Johnson and Greta



"Will-yum,
have you
finished
that pipe?"



YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the mildest, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.

LIMITED OFFER (for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

Dept. X, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  milder

Palmer. . . . Squad, by James B. Wharton.
30 Hrs. 40 Min.—Our Flight in the "Friend-
ship," by Amelia Earhart. . . . Frobisher, by
William McFee. . . . The Perfect Ship, by
Weston Martyr.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

It Goes Like This. *Feist* The basic contagion of this nonsense ditty revolves chiefly about its "bor-rowings," in melody and rhythm, from the "Blue Danube Waltz" and one of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. With such a background, how can "It Goes Like This" fail to go like that at the music counters!

Lady Fingers. *Piantadosi*—The trick jazz pianists will fancy this instrumental novelty. It is of the "Kitten on the Keys" school of trick ivory-tickling and also an excellent dance number.

F'rinstance. *DeSylva-Brown-Henderson*—There are "one song" writers in the Alley—those who may click once in a lifetime and never succeed in repeating themselves; usually, such songsmiths are the truly "inspired" creators of something new or novel that the public takes a liking to. Such were Irving Cohn and Frank Silver, the authors of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," the precursor of the "food song" vogue some years ago. "Bananas" earned over \$60,000 in royalties for both collaborators, but since then neither has been able to repeat with anything approaching a song hit. Cohn, the sole author of "F'rinstance," is trying again with a ditty that is at least crazy enough to break the streak for one of the twain.

All of the Time. *Shapiro-Bernstein*—Vigorous rhythmic ballad of unrequited love, great for the uke-ists.

I'm Sorry Sally. *Feist*—Sorrow, Sally, Mary, mother, home and the moon are the sure-fire ingredients of popular-song hitdom; eliminate these elements and there'd be no song hits. Gus Kahn and Ted Fiorito, the authors of this ballad, have made doubly sure with a combination of at least two of the contributory elements.

Avalon Town. *Sherman-Clay*—Once before, Avalon was glorified in song, only G. Ricordi, the Milan and New York publishers of Giacomo Puccini's works, took legal umbrage at the popular-song writers' careless "adaptation" of the melody from "La Tosca," and won a sizeable award in their injunction suit. Nacio Herb Brown, the California composer of the instrument novelty successes, "Doll Dance" and "Rag Doll," has produced a stately fox-trot setting for this song, to which Grant Clarke, one of the greatest popular-song lyric writers in America—who has since gone native in Hollywood as a comedy constructor (Ritz for "gag man")—has fashioned a beautiful song poem.

Records

Revenge and Dolores. *Victor 21654*—Longacre wisecracks who are pro-and-conning (mostly "conning"—it's all a con game!) about the evolution of the movie talkers—or, to be hi-hat, the synchronous sound cinema—foresee a sort of screen musical comedy in the picture theme song development. Instead of a feature flicker having one "plug" song, the prophecy from the start has been that two and three song hits to a good picture will not be unusual. This waltz couplet from Dolores Del Rio's "Revenge," plugging both title and star via song titles, fulfils this prediction in a measure. The Troubadours play the waltzes with distinction, smooth strings and reeds blending into coking instrumental interpretations, further augmented by vocal refrains.

Bandanna Babies and Magnolia's Wedding Day. *Brunswick 4030*—Lew Leslie's "Black Birds of 1928" revue, the all-colored entertainment which is quite a Broadway sensation, has developed two new "surprise" song and dance hits. These fox-trots from the show's score are snappily played by Lew Leslie's Black Birds' Orchestra from the production.

Moonlight Madness and If You Don't Love Me. *Columbia 1520*—Pete Woolery, another Mazda Lane nite club songster, long at the Frivolity and Silver Slipper nocturnal playgrounds, is making his disk debut. Unlike so many another ginketic warbler, this tenor is possessed of a genuine spark in his voice, and he impressively "sells" his dramatic-pop ballads.

Black Maria and Missouri Squabble. *Brunswick 3990*—From the Black Belt of New York, where, according to the Savoy management's claim, is located the largest colored ballroom in the world, comes one of the sizzlingest, most dance-provocative jazz-mad bands extant, headed by the dusky Carroll Dickerson. These "blues," aside from their instrumental oddity, are distinguished by the fact that one, the "Black Maria," is the inspiration of the latest Aframerican dance craze.

Sonny Boy and There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder. *Brunswick 4035*—Al Jolson at his jolsonest with theme songs from his second Vitaphone feature, "The Singing Fool," which, incidentally, bids fair to per his "Jazz Singer" as a box-office success. It's a characteristic sob and pollyanna song couplet, the latter not dissimilar to "April Showers" in lyric burthen.

Fowler's Hot Strut. *O. R. S. 4385*—Lemuel Fowler, the composer of this original stomp, tickles the ivories "mean" in this player-piano roll. It's a coking instrumental novelty for the home player as a change of pace from the usual ballad stuff.

Abel Green.



Get the news

Has anyone told you about it? Haven't you heard it noised abroad that smokers have a friend? A helpful friend—one that puts a new fund of pleasure in smoking. Maybe you haven't heard the news in just that way, but surely you've heard of Squibb's Dental Cream—and Squibb's is the smoker's friend.

Naturally Squibb's freshens your mouth. But it does a lot more too. It fights to keep your mouth fit and healthy long after its actual use, sweetens the breath and makes for an unvarying and pleasant smoke appetite.

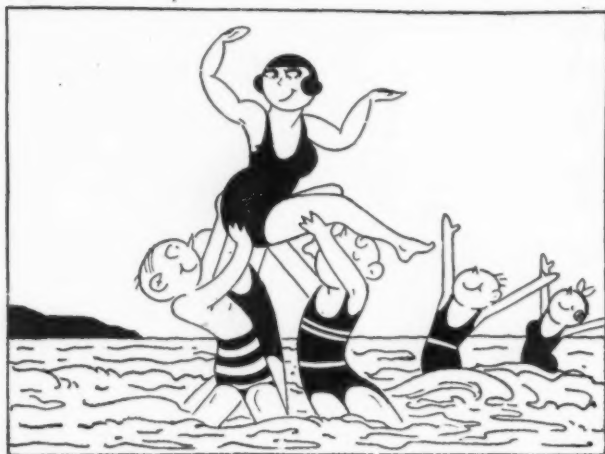
Introduce yourself now to Squibb's Dental Cream. You'll find a friend who'll put an unsuspected zest in your whole smoking day. 40c at any druggist's.

Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

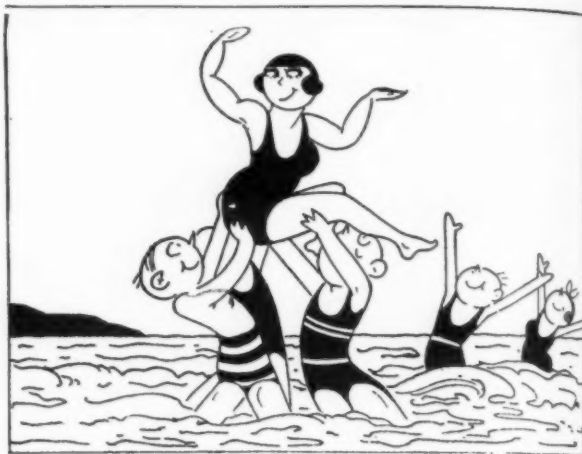


Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



How the jealous husband in town pictured his wife at the shore.



How it really was.
—GUTIÉRREZ (MADRID).

SPECIFICATIONS

IN a small gathering the other night, Austin Strong, the playwright, who is casting a new show, was discussing with a lady the difficulty of filling one particular part.



The Aviator Who Bought a Canoe.
—BUEN HUMOR.

"I want," he said, "a young man who looks like Lindbergh, who is tall, blue-eyed, who has sex appeal, a sense of humor, and an air of distinction."

"So do I," sighed the lady.—*New Yorker*.

THE DAY'S WORK

BERNICE, three years of age, was asked by her daddy, who had just returned from work, what she had been doing all day.

"Oh," she answered, "just setting Mother crazy."—*Baltimore Evening Sun*.

LAWYER: Answer the question—yes or no!
WITNESS: Yeah.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

ABBREVIATED—"Kiss and make."
—*New York Graphic*.



EXACTING PUBLICITY AGENT (examining artist's drawing of crowded liner): Um! Not bad—but you've got a passenger on the second deck who isn't smiling.

—PEARSON'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

WE have all heard of "calf love," but it remained for the *Herald-Examiner* compositor yesterday to set up the word "honeymooning."

—*Chicago Evening Post*.



THE POSTMAN: And to think I haven't had a letter for six months!
—L'INTRANSIGEANT (PARIS).

MODERN LULLABY

"The soothing and soporific effect of blue is extraordinary."—*Tit-Bits*.

SLEEP, baby, do,
Your room is done in baby blue,
Your little crib is painted, too,
In that soporific hue.
(But baby doesn't seem to mind;
Oh, dear, perhaps he's color blind?)

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

REPRESENTATIVE OF LARGE FURNISHING HOUSE:
And how would you like this room furnished?
PRETENTIOUS PROFITEER: What about Quatorze the Fifteenth?—*Punch*.

IN some homes the clock, like father, is always wrong.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

SECOND NATURE

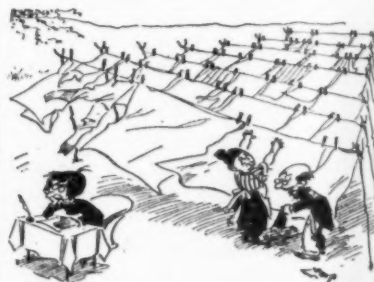
BERTHA, aged ten, had been taught that habits were things to be watched and that a bad habit once acquired was very hard to get rid of.

Observing a couple passing her home in a car, petting and enjoying their drive at the same time, Bertha remarked: "That boy and girl better be careful or that is apt to become a habit, isn't it, Mother?"—*Indianapolis News*.

A CASE FOR OBSERVATION

UPON the list for the alienist
Inscribe the name of Nutley Neill.
He went for a ride on the Lower East Side
With a Hoover plate on his automobile.
—L. H. R., in *New York Times*.

THE PRESS agent for the National stock burlesque theater in Detroit doesn't waste any words. The marquee contains this story:
"Lips, Hips and Pips."—*Variety*.



CALLER: Is your husband a fast writer?
POET'S WIFE: Fast? Why, I've got out seven lines of washing while he's been writing four of poetry!

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

WE'LL bet our old friend Gen. Smedley D. Butler smiled in his sardonic way when he saw in the paper about that official order to clean up Philadelphia absolutely within twenty-four hours.—*Ohio State Journal*.

BETTER THAN FICTION

THAT Dickens jeered at poverty,
And Browning hated Mrs. B.,
And Thackeray inclined to thieve,
I'm ready to believe.

If Tennyson was pretty tough,
And Keats and Shelley stole their stuff,
And Wordsworth was a yegg disguised,
I should not be surprised.

And when it presently appears
That Milton sapped his mind with beers,
And Scott for arson got in Dutch,
It will not shock me much.

For I am growing used to these
Unblushing, frank biographies,
Tales of the helpless dead, that far
Better than fiction are.

—L. H. Robbins, in *New York Times*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

IN ONE EASY LESSON

"Economic security was my reason for taking professional pugilism as a career."

—Gene Tunney quoted in the *Post*.

He means he went into the fight game to make money, folks.—*New Yorker*.



"The light of the sun travels at the rate of 330,000 kilometers a second."
"Sure—but it's all downhill!"

—GUTIÉRREZ (MADRID).

THE EFFORT to keep straight used to be a moral struggle instead of a diet.

—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

INTERRUPTING MRS. WILLEBRANDT

THE SILENCE of Herbert Hoover may possibly be explained on the ground of his having been taught as a child that it is rude to talk while a lady is speaking.

Back in 1920 it was said that the election was settled in a smoke-filled parlor in a Chicago hotel, but this campaign seems likely to be decided up in Mabel's room.

—Heywood Brown, in

New York Evening Telegram.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DOWN OUT OF CONTROL

HARRY came in crying and holding his head in his hands.

"What fell on your head?" we asked.

"I did," he sobbed.

—*New York Daily News*.

DR. EDWARD SCHALL, a music Prof. in East Orange, N. J., says to the parents of America: "Teach a boy to blow a saxophone and he will never blow a safe." Just think of a father facing such a choice as that.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I have been very lonely," he said, "since my wife left me."—*Short Story*.

Yes, that must be nice.—*Humorist*.

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Teeth so white YET...

4 out of 5 get Pyorrhea

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea. This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



After shaving,
Does your skin
Feel dry,
Stretched, and tight
As a drumhead?
Want to have that
Nice relaxed feeling,
And look well groomed
In the bargain?
After you shave,
Simply rub on
Hinds Cream
Till it dries in.
Borrow the wife's
Bottle and try it
Or send coupon.



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



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LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 1468
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after October, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

THE OLD JOKES ARE THE BEST

A LONDON man just back from the States says that a little girl on the train to Pittsburgh was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again.

"Mabel!" said her mother in a horrified whisper. "Mabel, don't do that! Chew your gum like a little lady."

...

A "TOMMY," lying in a hospital during the war, had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

"Where did your watch come from?" he asked.

"A German give it me," he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey this token of esteem and affection.

"'E 'ad to," was the laconic reply.

...

A MAN was walking along the street, and he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above.

"I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The lady smiled.

"Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."

—From "Best Short Stories" and "The Best Stories in the World," by Thomas L. Masson.

...

"NIGGAH, don't mess wid me," warned one, "cause when yo' do yo' sure is flirtin' wid a hearse."

"Don't pesticate wid me, niggah," replied the other, showing a great bony fist; "don't fo'ce me to press dis upon yo', cause if yo' do Ah'll hit yo' so ha'd Ah'll just natch'aly knock yo' from amazin' grace into a floatin' opportunity."

"If yo' mess wid me, niggah," replied the other, "Ah'll just make one pass, and dere'll be a man patten' yo' in de face wid a spade tomorrow mornin'."

...

MARGARET, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness.

"I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret, to teach you to be polite and kind to others; and yet, in spite of all my efforts, you are so rude and so naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said, "What a failure you are, Mama!"

...

"TACT," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had not tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster and fell into a fit of confusion on hearing the hostess say to her husband:

"How inattentive you are, Charlie. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything."

—From "The World's Best Humorous Anecdotes," by J. Gilchrist Lawson.



DEMAND
BAYER
ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

IT SEEMED TO FIT

AN autograph hunter cornered Charles Winninger, comedian of "Show Boat," the other night and insisted he sign his name in a little book. Mr. Winninger obliged.

"But you must add some appropriate sentiment," said the visitor. So the comedian wrote: "To a confirmed pest."

—New York Evening World.

Ask for
Century
SHEET MUSIC
SAY "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 2500 selections for Piano, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealer, or write us.
Century Music Publishing Co.
240 West 40th Street
New York City
15¢

RHYMED REVIEWS

This Side Idolatry

By C. E. Bechhofer Roberts. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE witch's caldron boils with sneers,
The plot gelatinously thickens;
A "new-biographer" appears
To take a whack at Mr. Dickens—

A bio-fabricator, taught
By mother-wit and self-persuasion
Exactly what his subject thought
And said and did on each occasion.

He takes young Charles, a likely lad,
And grows him up a boor and tartar,
Poseur and ingrate, snob and cad;
And why?—To prove his wife a martyr.

Assembling con's, forgetting pro's,
He blots his victim's moral splendor,
By hook or crook resolved to pose
As Mrs. Dickens' brave defender.

The world, of course, was much concerned

About that doubtless worthy lady,
So every stone must now be turned
To show her husband up as shady.

If Dickens sometimes played the fool,
Like other men of clay compacted,
The incident is made the rule;
Yes, that's the way he always acted.

It's quite the fad to slur the great
(When safely dead), to roast them
finely,

To play the Devil's Advocate
As Mr. Roberts does divinely.

When good might well be said with truth
He'll find a calumny to hide it.
"This Side Idolatry," forsooth!
A-many muddy miles this side it!

Arthur Guiterman.

THE DECLINE OF KANSAS

A NEW JERSEY paper says that every nation must have a conscience and the United States calls her'n Kansas.

The New Jersey paper is only about thirty-five years behind the times.

Kansas has sown her wild oats, committed her youthful indiscretions and now is plodding phlegmatically along the road toward middle age and senility. The name of John Brown is shrouded in antiquity; half the school children in Kansas never heard of "Sockless" Jerry Simpson; Carrie Nation has gone; Florida is monopolizing the cyclones; Chicago has the gunmen and New York the liquor. Kansas has chased the Grand Dragons of the Klan and all the lesser lizards out of the cow pasture back to their holes in the woodlot and plugged the holes tighter than the boudoir of a Texas horned toad. The Kansas legislature has even clothed the cigarette with respectability.

Kansas, like Alexander, needs new worlds to conquer. The people haven't had a real live issue or a fight on their hands for so long that a

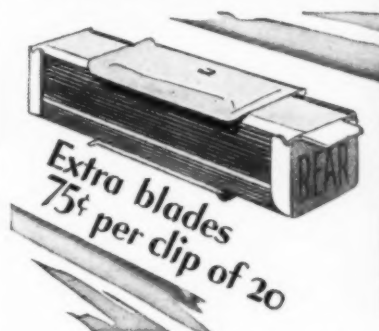
6 Keen Reasons why every man wants a Schick Repeating Razor

- 1 These blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper
- 2 They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip
- 3 Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches the face
- 4 The razor itself is perfectly balanced
- 5 Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger
- 6 Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

When you acquire a Schick you acquire a lifetime of smooth, quick shaves. A clip of twenty blades—they'll last a long time—are in the handle. A quick pull and push of the plunger removes the old blade and puts a new one in shaving position.

Drug Stores, Hardware, Jewelry, Men's Wear and Department Stores have Schicks to show you.

Schick, silver-plated \$5.00, including 20 blades. Gold model \$7.50. Additional clip of 20 blades 75c. In Canada slightly more. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.



A smooth shave, quick
with a
Schick Repeating Razor

presidential election is about as exciting as a service club luncheon. Certainly it doesn't attract as much interest as the World Series.

Kansas is darned near as dead as New Jersey.
—Emporia Gazette.

LAUGH THAT OFF IF YOU CAN

"You say you don't believe in evolution?"
"I certainly don't."

"Well, how about the cigarette that has developed from a coffin nail into a cough drop?"

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An unreported incident of the theatrical slump is that, on a recent first-night, at the final curtain the manager in a graceful little speech informed the author that the audience was not in the house.—Punch.

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you've told the customs officer you have nothing to declare and he pulls a pair of your wife's silk stockings out of your pocket...*be nonchalant...Light a Murad.*



© P. Lorillard Co.,
Est. 1760

IN KEEPING

"The latest idea is for servants' uniforms to match the general color scheme of the house."
—*Daily Paper.*

As servants' uniforms, it seems,
Must tone with household color-schemes,
This notion might be far extended,
Minions with furniture be blended:
Advertisements to make this clear,
Worded as follows, would appear—
"Housemaid Required. Good linen-mender,
Second of 2. She must be slender,
Extremely tall and quite upright.
The furniture is Hepplewhite."
"Footman. Experienced in carving,
When shooting-guests are well-nigh starving.
For Grinling Gibbons dining-room
And Decorative (Adam) Groom."
"As Valet. Soldier by profession,
Ex-cavalry. Must have discretion
And be a sturdy, bow-legged man,
To match the furniture, Queen Anne."
"A Butler. Must be old and mellow,
A graceful, well-constructed fellow,
Reliable, who will not fail.
Date, Sheraton and Chippendale."
—

And yet advertisements at present
Are not so true to type nor pleasant.
They run like this—"Plain Cook Required,
Maids to do work when she feels tired;
She need not be an early riser.
Wireless and car and 'televisor,'
Piano. Outings every day
If only, *only* she will stay!"
—*Leslie M. Oyler, in the Bystander (London).*

ASK MA—SHE KNOWS

A LETTER from a young mother to the Chicago Tribune shows how the youth of Chicago have progressed in a generation or two:

"As to the retort courteous to the boast, 'My old man can lick yours,' the newer version used by my son in argument with the son of a very new neighbor might be employed—namely: 'My mother can lick your mother.'"
—*Kansas City Star.*

A WORLD'S record is claimed by an unskilled Detroit man who recently took an automobile apart in 30 seconds at a grade crossing.
—*Detroit News.*

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city streets. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$39,438.76
Miss Eleanor Vibberts, New Britain, Conn.	5.00
In loving memory of M. R. C. and of her baby, M. C. G.	250.00
	<hr/> \$39,693.76

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

LIFE acknowledges with gratitude receipt at the Camps of the following donations:
Shoes, clothing and books from A. Arons, Washington, D. C.; H. M. Biety, Saranac, N. Y.; E. R. Clark, Annapolis, Md.; Mr. Davis, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Mrs. S. H. Hartshorn, Center Harbor, N. H.; Mrs. J. R. Hobbs, Butte, Mont.; Mr. and Mrs. Sumner T. Hayward, Newark, N. J.; G. M. Hill, Remsenburg, L. I.; Horace Mann School, New York City; Miss Ethel McCullough, Cincinnati; Mrs. D. B. Ninde, Durham, N. H.; Miss Hazel Nelson, Brooklyn; Mrs. L. H. Smith, Jefferson, Wis.; Mrs. W. F. Stearns, Norfolk, Conn.; Rosemary Anne Smart, Worcester, Mass.

HARMLESS

CARL, six years old, was standing near the front steps talking to three other children, when a large dog came near them. All the children became frightened.

"Don't be scared," Carl told them. "He can't bite you, 'cause he has a license around his neck!"—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*



DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Its Bubbling Effervescence Lasts Longer

Apollinaris

It is bottled only with
its Own Natural Gas

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

How Science Fights Fat



Not by starving

Some 25 years ago, scientists found a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland. By thousands of tests on fat animals they found that treating this cause led to loss of weight and gain in health and vigor. That discovery changed the methods of dealing with excess fat.

That is the basic factor in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They did not starve or overwork. They simply took four tablets daily until weight came down to normal.

Users told the others the results. The use of Marmola spread. Now you see the results in every circle. Excess fat is disappearing. Slender figures are the rule. New youth and beauty, new vitality, has come to countless people in this modern way.

Consider these facts. Then, if you are seeking like results, get them in this scientific way. Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. As fat departs and new vitality returns you will know exactly why. Try the method which for 20 years has brought such delightful results to so many. Do it now. You owe that to yourself.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Down the Wrong Alley

(The Operator Gets the Records Mixed at a Performance of the Talkies)

"WALTER, my darling! You?"... *(Two large stevedores stand looking nastily at each other.)*... "I was waiting for you, sweet one; I cannot live without the violet lure of your eyes!"... *(One large stevedore gives the other a paste in the eye.)*... "What will Father say? Walter, he—he wants me to be a nun!"... *(Both stevedores go haywire at this statement and bite each other in the neck.)*... "What! Your dear beauty immured behind cold convent walls?"... *(Shocked by such a possibility, the stevedores roll on the ground.)*... "Walter, perhaps if we went to him hand in hand—"... *(One large stevedore grabs the other by the seat of the pants.)*... "No, no! That is not the way—have patience—"... *(The stevedores eye each other warily.)*... "I cannot wait! Take me away with you, Walter!"... *(One large stevedore repudiates any such immoral suggestion by whaling the other in the jaw.)*... "Never, darling! Much as I long for the warmth of your lips—remember your dear purity—"... *(Stung to the quick, one large stevedore kicks the other on the ear.)*... "Walter—footsteps!—it is Father—"... *(An extra-large cop appears.)*... "Dearest, before we part, take this as a souvenir!"... *(He wallops both stevedores with a comedy night-stick.)*... "I shall never forget how we stood here in the moonlight, listening to the sleepy twittering of the birds—"... *(The stevedores stand cross-eyed for a moment, then fall unconscious.)*... "Adieu, my sweet!"... Au revoir, my precious one!... *(The cop drags them both away by their shirt-tails. At this point the operator discovers that the audience is enjoying itself and rectifies his mistake.)*

Heman Fay, Jr.

SUSANNAH RUNS DOWNSTAIRS

LIKE roses in a woody glade,
Her skirt peeps through the balustrade;
Yes, like a rose,
It comes and goes;
And, like some woodland creature 'gainst a tree
Tapping, less earnest than in roguery,
Upon the stair
Declare
Her tripping toes.

As blown leaves under summer skies,
Her hurry and her laughing sighs;
Yes, such sweet flare
Wakes here and there;
And, like some twinkling sunbeam when the sun's
Loving the world and glad, Susannah runs,
Linking sweet flowers
And bowers
About the stair.

—A. G. H., in London Daily Chronicle.

A WOMAN told a London magistrate that her husband drank beer like water. What other sort could he get nowadays?—Everybody's.



Foot-
Joy
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Shoe that's Different

THE first Foot-Joy shoes are often bought on style alone. But what holds Foot-Joy wearers year after year is more than style—solid comfort, freedom from that 5 o'clock tiredness which only shoes constructed to withstand present day hard pavements can give.

It's in the foundation—which supports all of your weight from heel to toe, relieving all strain from nerves, muscles and arches.

Ask us to send you the full story, current styles and prices.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

The above statement is true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name.....

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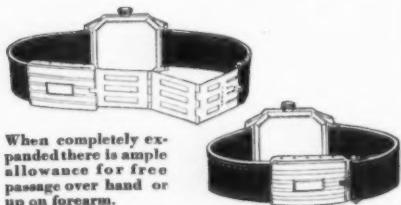


Found in the Search for Something New

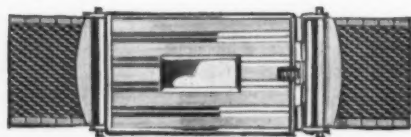
—and dedicated to wrist watch safety and convenience—the Kremenz Band. Not alone new, but very, very practical. It passes the old prong-buckle strap arrangement to the discard. Instead, the Kremenz Band has three expanding links, opening sufficiently to allow passage of watch on or off, right over the hand; or up on the forearm when washing hands. Also contracts down to snug wrist size. With a wrist watch carried on a Kremenz Band, gone is the fear of dropping or losing it—handy is the operation of putting on or removing it.

Ask your jeweler or write us. Sold in gold plated casings with leather or flexible Milanaise mesh bands—\$7.50 to \$15; also solid 14-kt. or 18 kt. gold and solid platinum casings.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



Kremenz

WRIST WATCH BAND



A MINISTER DEFINES THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I am heartily in sympathy with LIFE's fight to rid politics of bunk. And there's a lot of bunk being strewn today that I want you to speak against, either by publishing this letter, or by putting the idea in your own words.

Nearly every politician that has taken the stump is having something to say about the ministers of the country trying to put religion into politics. I'm a minister. And as a minister I think that I can speak with more authority concerning my profession than any stump speaker in this country. And I will tell the world that we are not half so interested in getting religion into politics as we are in getting a little religion into some of our politicians.

Mr. Editor, according to my opinion, if those politicians who are raving so much about religion in politics were members of the Bunkless Party, they would go before the electorate and say, "You know me well enough to know that I haven't religion enough to be bothered with a religious issue."

Something else. There's a cry in the air that politics is rotten. According to my humble opinion people should get that idea out of their heads. Politics is not rotten. It's the politicians that cause the offensive odor.

Yours for the eradication of bunk,
HERMAN WILLIAM FORBES.
FORT PIERCE, FLA.

WE'RE BRIBED BY DEMOCRATIC GOLD

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Kindly cancel my subscription to your magazine, and return whatever refund is due me. I subscribed to your magazine some time ago because it contained humor and was at that time non-partisan in all of its cartoons. It freely criticized, in a humorous way, all popular topics and individuals. However, for some time back, you have been purely Democratic, and have almost weekly printed pictures or cartoons that were direct slurs on the Republican party. In fact you have gone so far as to devote an entire editorial to criticizing Mr. Herbert Hoover, in this week's issue. This of course may be paid advertising, or, I suppose, being in a Democratic city you are obliged to follow the dictates of this party, but it seems such a small thing to do, and in fairness to other Republican readers you should confine the circulation of your



Just a Few Hours* to Good Times

It's just overnight to an Indian summer that lasts all winter long . . . to golden days of golf and outdoor sport . . . to perfect, bracing climate . . . where deep draughts of pine-scented air are a daily tonic.

For 30 years Pinehurst has stood first in the hearts of the better type of sports lover who wishes an outdoor background for a pleasant social life.

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*Only 15½ hours from New York City on through Pullmans. The luxurious Carolina Hotel, famed for its cuisine and thoughtful service, now open. Attractively furnished cottages for rent reasonably.

magazine within the bounds of Tammany, where your cartoons will be enjoyed and welcomed.

May I suggest you discontinue your mythical "Will Rogers Campaign" and

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or travelling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 170 William St., New York.

devote this space to the indorsement of Mr. Smith, as I think this is a good opportunity that you are letting get away.

JAMES G. BERKHEIMER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WE'RE BRIBED BY REPUBLICAN GOLD

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Will you please advise either direct by mail or through the columns of your paper whether or not Will Rogers is now drawing or has drawn for say the last year any compensation directly or indirectly from the Republican National Committee?

If you do not care to reply to this communication will you please cancel the subscription standing in the name of Lou D. Carpenter, wife of the writer, subscription being carried in her name for convenience in mail delivery.

It is my feeling that as a subscriber to your publication which represents itself to be politically neutral I am entitled to the information requested.

H. M. CARPENTER, JR.

MONTICELLO, IOWA.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Doubtless both political parties would like to bribe Will Rogers; they'd pay him huge sums to keep his mouth shut. But so long as the public is anxious to hear what Will Rogers has to say, he will keep on talking and exposing the bunk of which there is a liberal supply in both parties.)

COMMANDER BYRD'S ICEBOXES

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

We believe that for once the joke is on LIFE, or in other words that LIFE has been deftly hoist by his own petard.

In the September 6 issue of your magazine, on page 23, under the heading "Modern Equipment," you quote an enterprising, if fictitious, salesman as suggesting to Commander Byrd that he equip his plane with an iceless refrigerator.

At first sight nothing could seem much more absurd than iceless, or electric refrigerators as part of the equipment for an Antarctic expedition, but as a matter of fact, while the Commander didn't go so far as to put one in his plane, he is taking four Kelvinator electric refrigerators to the Antarctic. Two are installed on the ice-breaker, the "City of New York," and two on another of the expedition's vessels, the "Eleanor Boling."

WILLIAM H. PAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FUTILE ADVICE

If You were I and I were You,
We'd tell each other what to do,
And then in disappointment sigh,
The same as just plain You and I.

—Washington Star.

CORDAY

15 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

Parfumeur to the Modern Woman



orchidée bleue
"BLUE ORCHID"

toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"

AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

IMPORTED BY LIONEL, 20-22 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK

CULINARY

THE Negro cook on the sixty-foot boat of a New York man is noted not only for his cooking but also for his respectful servility. One of a party of eighteen gentlemen who dined aboard the boat off New London last Saturday pushed

back his chair and complimented his host on "the finest dinner I've ever eaten." "That was not a dinner, you poor landlubber," corrected the host; "that was a mess, wasn't it, Sam?" "Yes-sah," said Sam, "Ah'll try to do bettah nex' time."—*New Yorker*.

Feel loggy after lunch?

Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion

Nothing like a stick of Beeman's after lunch to refresh you for the afternoon. Originated by Doctor Beeman more than thirty years ago, it has always been known as the quality gum. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.



\$1

Buys 10 issues of

L I F E—and right now, if
you hurry, 10 issues of
LIFE include:

the Nov. 9th issue

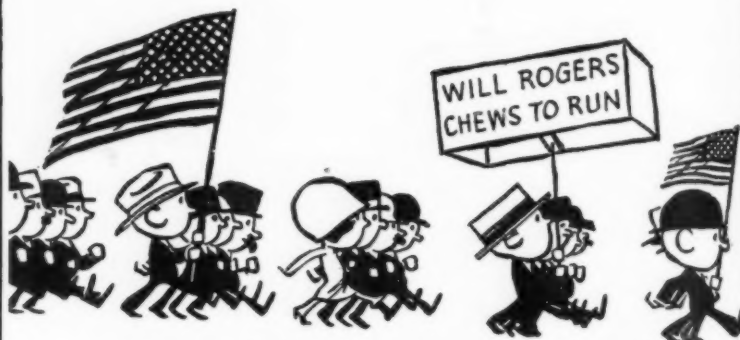
Herbert Stoops' *Armistice Day*
Cover, Bruce Bairnsfather and
"Old Bill," A. A. Wallgren and
the A. E. F.And all the regular **LIFE**
features:Benchley — Cooper — Kieran
Sherwood — Sykes — Davis
Held — Leonard — Suydam
Smith — Graham — Winchell
And — the — Others**LIFE** Christmas Number (25c
on the news-stands).And literally hundreds of pic-
tures and good jokes.If you've got the dollar and a
sense of humor, you ought to
have **LIFE**.Clip and send to **LIFE**,
598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.**SEND ME 10 ISSUES OF LIFE**
MY DOLLAR ENCLOSED

Name.....

and.....

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(562)

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PARADE**

**Come to the big Torchlight Parade
next Wednesday! Tune in on the
Kolster Hour and hear the Rogers
supporters parading down Broad-
way. Bands, red fire and all the
trimmings of a real old-fashioned
Torchlight Parade. Listen in on
this fitting climax to the Rogers
Campaign.**

COME ONE**COME ALL****NEXT WEDNESDAY****OCTOBER 31-KOLSTER HOUR****10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time****9 P. M. Central Standard Time****New York City WOR****Boston WNAC****Providence WEAN****Syracuse WFBL****Buffalo WMAK****Baltimore WCAO****South Dartmouth WMAF****Pittsburgh WJAS****Akron WADC****Columbus WAIU****Cincinnati WKRC****Detroit WGHP****Chicago WMAQ****Cleveland WHK****Fort Wayne WOWO****St. Louis KMOX****Kansas City KMBC****Council Bluffs KOIL****Bridgeport WICC****Toledo WSPD****Philadelphia WCAU**

NEW!



¶Tone quality, selectivity and distinguished appearance are mere words when spoken by makers of radio. ¶But when these virtues are so outstanding as to inspire the satisfied confidence of thousands of Kolster owners and their friends, the makers of Kolster

Radio feel justified in quoting the expression, heard upon all sides, "*Kolster is a fine set.*"

¶Kolster Model K24, pictured above, is a 7 tube floor model with Kolster Dynamic Power Reproducer and Power Amplifier. Ozark walnut cabinet designed by M. Bianfi.

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Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 P.M. Eastern Standard Time over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.



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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

"I like Luckies.
They are mild and
mellow."
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"Tony" Lazzeri, Star Infielder,
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No Throat Irritation - No Cough.